Vol 9 The War Illustrated Nº 222

SIXPENCE

and AFTERWARDS

DECEMBER 21, 1945

HERMANN GOERING AND RUDOLF HESS IN THE DOCK at Nuremberg were among 20 surviving leaders of the Third Reich figuring in the great trial which opened on November 20, 1945. All the accused, arraigned as major war criminals before an International Tribunal, pleaded "Not Guilty." Lord Justice Lawrence, the British president of the Tribunal, described the trial as "unique in the history of the jurisprudence of the world." See story in page 537.

Photo, Planet News

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

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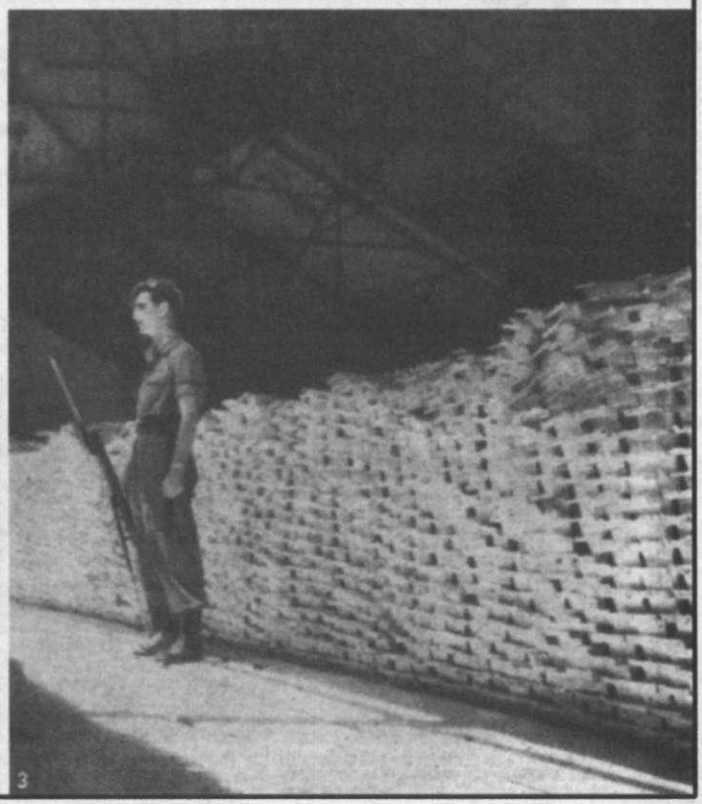
Important Far Eastern Business for the R.A.F.



AIRCREWS OF THE FLYING HORSE SQUADRON of R.A.F. Transport Command in the Far East gathered round one of their aircraft (1). During November 1945 they dropped supplies to our troops in Siam, Indo-China, and Malaya, besides flying P.O.W. from Singapore. Spitfire pilots at Kowloon, near Hongkong, with "Big Wings" and "Little Wings," two Chinese boys (2) adopted by their squadron. A private of the R.A.F. Regiment (3) guards ingots of tin left behind by the Japanese at Penang, Malaya

Photos, British Official

Grasping the Palestine Nettle

By
KENNETH WILLIAMS

THE setting-up of a joint Anglo-American committee of inquiry into political, economic and social conditions in Palestine as they urgently bear on the problem of Jewish immigration was announced on November 13, 1945, by Mr. Ernest Bevin and President Truman. This was a notable advance on previous attempts at settling a most thorny question, the background to which is simply explained in this article specially written for "The War Illustrated."

To judge from the very wide measure of approval which Mr. Bevin's statement in the House of Commons on November 13 won from many different sections of opinion, one might almost think that the Palestine problem had been solved. In fact, however, the Foreign Secretary's masterly analysis, in which were to be perceived alike a warm sympathy for persecuted Jewry and a belief in the Arabs' renaissance, only indicated the circumstances and the means by which such a solution might be reached.

Mr. Bevin has attempted to grasp the nettle; and he well knows how many of his predecessors have been stung by that same nettle. But boldly he has helped to disentangle the problem from the mass of misconceptions, some the result of propaganda, others of ignorance, in which the Palestine problem has lain for at least twenty-five years.

The Foreign Secretary showed, for example, that it is wrong to regard the Zionists as representing the whole of Jewry, though he omitted to confess that hitherto the British Government itself has contributed to that error by agreeing to allow the Jewish Agency to represent the Jewish people. He showed that the British Government feels itself bound to honour the pledge of helping to construct a Jewish National Home in Palestine, though he did not define what is meant by a "Home."

British Blood to Keep the Peace

Also he has pointed out that the 1917 Balfour Declaration in which that pledge was set down was a unilateral declaration, made without consultation with a people vitally concerned in its implementation, namely, the Arabs. He showed, again, that the claim that all persecuted Jews who have survived the Nazi terror wish to live in Palestine, needs, and will receive, investigation. And he showed that Palestine can never alone solve the whole Jewish problem.

This analysis was certainly an advance on all previous statements by the Mandatory Power for Palestine. But it did not add to the world's knowledge of conditions in Palestine itself. That, indeed, would scarcely be possible. For it is probable that on no problem with which the British Government has been faced since the First Great War has there been so much written and spoken. Countless books, pamphlets and articles have been published setting forth rival views; several Government Commissions have reported on their investigations; and—what to this country is most important of all in giving Britain an insight into the human questions involved—British blood has been shed in the endeavour to keep the peace.

CERTAINLY there is no territory in the world that arouses more inflammable emotions. It touches the heart of the three great monotheistic religions—Judaism, Christianity and Islam. Thus we hear much of Jewish rights therein, much of Arab rights therein; and, amid the din of these two conflicting voices, increasingly of British rights therein.

Various motives have been attributed to Britain for assuming the Mandate for Palestine after the First Great War. Let it not be thought that she took that Mandate reluctantly, or that it was forced on her by the League of Nations, which in 1922 only ratified what was already an accomplished fact. It is sometimes overlooked that it was predominantly British arms which liberated Palestine from the Ottoman Turk: a victory without which neither Jewish nor Arab voices could have become so clamant as they are today. Now of the British motives in consenting to carry the burden of Palestine there was one more powerful than any others: the strategic motive.

It is a cardinal interest of the British Empire that there shall be peace in the lands of the Middle East that lie athwart her communications to India and the Empire beyond India. Nor is there anything unworthy in such a motive, the more particularly if, as has been indicated in the conference which the Foreign Secretary had with his Middle Eastern advisers this autumn, Britain assists the social stature of the countries that lie on either side of the Suez Canal.

BUT the attainment of tranquillity in Palestine has been elusive. It has proved a sore which has threatened to poison the whole Middle East. There have been periods of quiet there, during which Arab fears of being dominated by the Zionists were not so acute as they have latterly become; but those fears have been in existence ever since the Balfour Declaration was promulgated.

With the access of increasing numbers, the Zionists, more discreet in the earlier years of the Mandate, have since declared that they aim openly at the creation of a Jewish State, to be established from immigration, whether legal or illegal. It is their increasing pretensions which, in part at any rate, have furthered the establishment of the Arab League, that collection of Arab States which is sworn to defend the Arab cause in Palestine. (See page 398, Vol. 8.) Thus have international forces been posed one against the other.

No Conceivable Compromise Here

Now what, stripped of all verbiage and humbug, is the basic issue in Palestine? It is, in my view, this: Shall the Zionists—as that section of Jewry which is Nationalist and wishes to form a separate Jewish National State in Palestine is called—be allowed to impose their will on a country for which Britain holds the Mandate?

Seen thus, it is an ethical question. All other aspects, indubitably important, such as the plight of persecuted Jews in Europe, the religious aspect of Palestine, the aspirations of the Arab League, and so on, are, from the point of view of the Briton, really subsidiary. True, there are a multitude of factors, such as the safety of Imperial communications, which no Briton will overlook; but, as I say, it is fundamentally an ethical question.

From that aspect, what is called "natural right" is opposed to what is called "historical right." The Arabs of Palestine—and I call the majority of its inhabitants Arabs, whatever they be scientifically, for if not Arab by race they are, of whatever creed, Arabized—assert that they have what they term an elementary or natural right to be free, at some future time, to determine their own destiny, in a country where they have been for thirteen centuries. The Zionists, appealing to the time when they were masters of parts of Palestine (until they were conquered by the Romans in A.D. 70) assert that they are entitled to numerical superiority in a land which made their name famous throughout the world, and that they are so entitled whether the Arabs agree or not.

Between such points of view there is no conceivable compromise. Both sides claim documentary support. But the closest study of the relevant documents can lead to no conclusion which both parties are willing to accept. And so the air has become full of irrelevant cries, of which perhaps the most absurd is that the Arabs are "anti-Semitic." You can hear it said, even in Palestine, that Jews and Arabs can work peacefully together. Of course they can. That is no new phenomenon. For centuries in Arab lands Jews have been co-operating with the majority of the population; the record of the Arabs towards the Jews is, indeed, infinitely better than that of many European peoples. But to pit such a fact against the long history of Zionist-Arab strife in Palestine since 1919 is simply to miss the point that the Zionists are Jews with a difference.

If Mr. Bevin's 'Great Dream' is Realized

Again, you can hear it said with truth that the Zionists have brought great material benefits to the Arabs of Palestine. What matters is, not the truth of such assertions but their inappropriateness. The soul of a people threatened with domination is unaffected by such considerations. I say, therefore, that this question of Palestine is now a matter which can be resolved by no such side-arguments. Every individual, possessed of the fundamental data, must determine it in his own conscience, and should not allow pro-Jewish or pro-Arab sentiment to affect his conclusion.

Now, what are the prospects in Palestine? Few students of recent Palestinian history would care to prophesy with any degree of finality. Too often have hopes been deferred, and the cynical may well agree with Lord Passfield when, as Colonial Secretary, he referred to Palestine as "that recurring decimal." All that the prudent can do is to point to probabilities.

FIRST, it seems that the idea of a Jewish State in Palestine, which was never promised and is a gloss put by Zionists on the Balfour Declaration as they have grown in strength, will never be realized, whatever be the size of the future Jewish National Home. Second, the notion of the political Zionists, that they will be enabled to enjoy a majority in Palestine, and will therefore be in a position (whatever their pretensions to the contrary) to dominate the Arabs, is chimerical. Third, the fact the Mandatory Power will at every stage consult Arab as well as Jewish opinion, appears to rule out the imposition by force of an unpopular policy on the Arabs. Fourth, the dispersal of their most cherished hopes is not likely to be taken quietly by thousands of well-armed, well-organized and well-trained Jews in Palestine.

Of this last contingency the Mandatory Power is, of course, well aware, and the Foreign Secretary has significantly stated that force will be met by force. But, if reason prevails, there may yet be fulfilled Mr. Bevin's "great dream"—and what a dream it is at present only those fully know who are intimately acquainted with present Middle Eastern conditions—of a revivified region of some 600,000,000 people stretching from the Nile valley to India.

In such a rebirth the Jews, if they wished, could play a great part, not as separatist but as integrating agents. Their genius could be of extreme value to a people awakening from a long slumber and only now trying to master Western technique. At the moment, the mood of the Zionists is opposed to any such developments; they want to be masters and the servants of none. They are politically chauvinistic. Yet this may be but a phase in the long history of the Jews.

Our Army Now Fights for Law and Order

By MAJ.-GENERAL
SIR CHARLES GWYNN
K.C.B., D.S.O.

WHEN the Empire was expanding during the Victorian era the British Army was constantly engaged in what it is customary to call small wars. In some cases these wars had some of the character of police operations ; but as a rule they definitely were wars, inasmuch as they were waged against an enemy and in territory not yet included in the Empire. There was therefore no limitation to the degree of force that might legitimately be used against our opponents, although the scale of operations was generally kept to a minimum determined by financial considerations—a minimum occasionally fixed so low that it led initially to regrettable incidents and proved in the end to be false economy.

Since the enemy as a rule lacked organization and up-to-date armament, losses to our troops were, however, seldom serious, and the chief difficulties encountered were those of operating over long distances in undeveloped country. Official manuals dealt with the tactics the troops should adopt in fighting enemies with very varying characteristics, and in countries which presented conditions ranging from mountain to desert warfare ; but maintenance of supplies was, as a rule, the governing factor in dictating strategy.

From the beginning of this century, and particularly after the First Great War, the role of the army altered considerably. Although its services were as constantly required as formerly they definitely assumed the character of police duties, often as dangerous and always without the attractions of what used to rank as active service. The Army, of course, had always been, and still is, liable to be called in to aid the civil power, in which case normally the troops take such action as the civil authorities require. In India this is a frequent occurrence.

BUT there are occasions when either the civil Government is unable to function or the Army is required to intervene to protect British or international interests in foreign territory where the local Government is incapable or unwilling to maintain order. On these occasions operations on an extensive scale for which the military commander assumes responsibility may be necessary. In extreme cases when Martial Law is proclaimed the civil Government ceases to exercise its authority in the area affected, and its machinery is placed at the disposal of the military authorities.

Actually, Martial Law is seldom proclaimed and there is frequently a somewhat unsatisfactory division of responsibility. In practically all cases, however, there is a limiting obligation on troops to use only the minimum degree of force that the situation demands ; and this generally precludes the use of the more powerful weapons, the effects of which cannot be rigorously controlled. It is this obligation which chiefly differentiates police operations from small wars, and it is the main reason why the police duties are disliked by the Army, for it may throw on quite junior officers the responsibility for deciding what degree of force can legitimately be used.

IDENTITY CHECK-UP in Tel-Aviv, Palestine, during the riots which broke out on November 14, 1945, was conducted by troops of the British 6th Airborne Division. Condemning the disturbances, the Tel-Aviv municipality described them as "irresponsible hooliganism." See also facing page, and story in page 537.
Photo, British Official

DIFFICULT Decisions Involved in Dealing With Fanatical Elements

There are, of course, cases in which the limitation does not operate, as when organized armed bands carry on guerilla warfare. But even then difficult problems may arise when the bands are rounded up in peaceful villages, or when the attitude of the ordinary inhabitants is doubtful. It is particularly difficult to decide how much force should be used when riotous mobs have to be dealt with, for though they may include dangerous and fanatical elements the mass is probably only suffering from a form of hysteria and may include women and children caught up unwittingly in the crowd.

Another factor that differentiates modern police operations from small wars of the past is that whereas in the latter our opponents were ill-armed, in modern operations—especially during the aftermath of war—the fanatical elements of resistance often possess weapons as effective as those the troops employ. The troops may have the advantage of using armoured vehicles, but on the other hand the use of artillery or bombing by aircraft is seldom justifiable. Air co-operation is in general restricted to machine-gunning from low altitudes, and that entails considerable risks from small-arms fire.

The object of police operations is, of course, not conquest but to restore law and order without leaving a legacy of bitterness when the object is attained. This calls for a high standard of discipline and forbearance on the part of the troops, and is particularly the case when intervention in other people's quarrels draws hostility to themselves.

THE Army can seldom have had a more difficult task than faces it in Netherlands India. Sent there to receive the surrender of the Japanese and to rescue prisoners of war and internees from Japanese concentration camps, it has had to intervene to suppress disorders arising from a nationalist revolt against the re-establishment of the Netherlands Government, which had ceased to exist during the Japanese Occupation. In that dispute there is no question of intervention, except so far as the British authorities are willing to provide facilities for negotiations to be opened between the disputants.

They cannot, however, allow interference with the execution of their original mission both on humanitarian grounds and owing to the necessity of disarming and repatriating Japanese forces. Nor can they avoid taking counter-action against the Indonesians who have attacked our troops and committed atrocities. The situation is complicated by the fact that Japanese arms have fallen into the hands of unauthorized persons, and Japanese troops have assisted the Indonesians. Counter-action is, however, limited by the obligation to use no more force than can be justified, an obligation all the greater owing to the large numbers of peaceful Indonesians, Chinese, and others who would suffer if force were not strictly controlled.

JAPS Were Employed to Prevent Surrendered Arms Going Astray

The fact that neither the Netherlands Government nor the Indonesians have adequate disciplined forces to maintain order throws immensely greater responsibility on the British force. Owing to the nature of the outrages and the quality of the weapons in the hands of extremists more force than is usual in police operations has of necessity been used, though not nearly as much as it is in our power to employ.

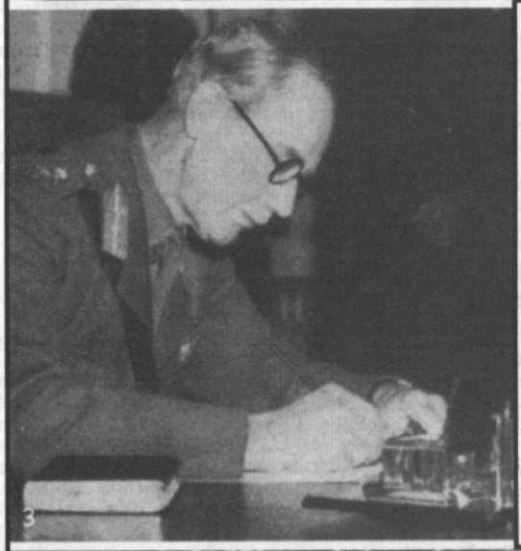
In Indo-China, British troops have had a similar mission to that in Java ; but fortunately there, though firm action was needed, the situation has not developed so seriously. The Japanese surrendered their arms to proper authority and were even employed to prevent them falling into wrong hands. Moreover, the local Vichy Government had never been entirely displaced by the Japanese ; and with substantial reinforcements arriving from France, responsibility for maintaining order can be left to French troops when the British mission is completed.

In Palestine, which has been the scene of many serious police operations since Britain assumed the mandate, the situation is threatening and difficult. Between the two great wars most of the trouble arose from Arab resentment to the influx of Jews which gave rise to active hostility to the mandatory Government, and to attacks on the poorly armed Jews. But since the late war, hostility to the Government has mainly been displayed by Jewish extremists who are now well armed and organized.

TROOPS have been needed to assist the strong Palestine police for the protection of Government property, to quell rioting and to arrest illegal immigrants ; although operations on the scale previously employed against the Arabs have so far not been necessary. At present the Arabs are content to watch developments ; but the danger obviously exists that, should they consider too great concessions are made to Jewish claims, civil war between Jews and Arabs may break out, with both sides hostile to the mandatory power. It is not surprising, therefore, that the garrison has been reinforced.

This is far from completing the tale of the Army's recent police duties ; but it should suffice to show that they are no less important and onerous, and infinitely more distasteful, than waging small wars. Moreover, they are duties which will not be rendered unnecessary by whatever the future of the atom bomb may be—nor can air power relieve the Army of the greater part of them.

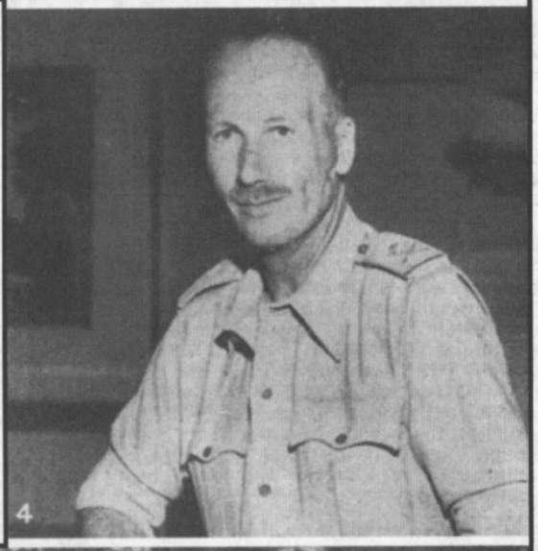
In Palestine with Our 6th Airborne Division



IN TEL-AVIV, a Canadian dispatch rider (1) gave latest news of the situation to a patrol of the 6th Airborne Division which had been rushed to the Palestine city on November 14, 1945, following the outbreak of serious rioting. Pathetic sidelight on the outbreak was its coincidence with the arrival from Europe of Jewish immigrants who had suffered under Hitler. As they landed at Haifa their baggage was searched for arms (2).

Lt.-Gen. Sir Alan Cunningham, K.C.B., D.S.O. (3), former G.O.C. Eastern Command, the newly-appointed High Commissioner for Palestine and Transjordan arrived in Jerusalem on November 21 without incident. G.O.C. British Troops in Palestine and Transjordan is Maj.-Gen. J. C. D'Arcy, C.B.E., M.C. (4). En route by lorry for their posts in Tel-Aviv are these cheerful parachute troops (5).

Photos, Topical, Associated Press



A Keel is Laid

By
FRANCIS E. McMURTRIE

IN no British industry are post-war prospects more encouraging than in shipbuilding. From every quarter there is a demand for new ships to replace the vast tonnage lost in the war. Not only in this country, but also in Allied countries such as Norway, France and Holland there is a strong preference for the well-designed types of merchantmen for the construction of which British yards have long been famous. By the end of the September quarter the tonnage actually under construction in the United Kingdom was close on 1,500,000 tons, and this figure has been considerably increased.

Though a great many vessels were built in the war years these were of a "utility" type, turned out rapidly by mass production methods to serve the needs of the emergency. For peacetime trading they would be unsatisfactory. Thus their existence does little to meet the shortage, beyond possibly providing a stop-gap in some directions while orders for new tonnage are being executed.

On signing a contract for a large ship, such as the 30,000-ton Cunard-White Star liner ordered from Messrs. John Brown & Co., Ltd., of Clydebank, there is a good deal of preparatory work which must be got through before actual construction starts. If the design is an entirely new one and not the repeat of a previous order, tests with paraffin wax models will be carried out in the experimental tanks of the National Physical Laboratory at Teddington. Once the hull form is approved, its contour must be drawn on a flat surface while calculations are made of the amount of steel and other materials required and of the labour which will be needed for the job.

PLANS are then laid out in what is known as the moulding loft, a vast, low-roofed structure with a smooth black floor, well lighted from above. Here full-sized drawings of the various parts of the vessel's main structure are sketched in chalk. From these drawings the necessary curves are taken off with wooden battens, which serve as patterns for the vessel's framework. Wooden moulds are constructed for the heavy plates, the position of every rivet hole and the contours of each curve and twist being exactly determined.

Various departments of the shipyard are thus enabled to begin their operations. Panelling and furnishings are ordered. Steel from the foundries is prepared for rolling and forging into the necessary shapes, and finished off to form a skeleton framing. All metal so used must pass tests which will satisfy the surveyors of the Board of Trade and of Lloyd's Register. Quantities have to be calculated with absolute accuracy, so that the weight may not be excessive while at the same time maintaining the necessary strength in the hull.

ELECTRIC Cranes Place Each Rib of the Vessel's Skeleton in Position

Usually a building berth is available in the yard, unless the ship is of exceptional size and requires a new one to be prepared or an old one enlarged. On a slope known as a slipway are placed a number of large wooden keel blocks. On these blocks are laid the horizontal steel plates forming the keel (see facing page). At right-angles to these plates, in the centreline of the ship, is secured the vertical keel: a huge steel girder which may be compared to the backbone of the ship. Attached to it by angle-bars are the "floors," vertical steel plates running out to the ship's side from the centreline keel. From this foundation rise the ribs of the framing, surrounded by wooden scaffolding. Each rib is placed in position by electric cranes with a delicate touch which is eloquent of the efficiency and skill of the experienced workers in charge of the operation. Ultimately the structure is riveted or welded together, ready to be clothed in steel plates.

Teams of shipyard workers are engaged in the business of fixing in position the side framing, starting amidships and gradually extending in either direction towards stem and stern. Ultimately the ship becomes a fully proportioned skeleton, upon which the shell-plating can be placed as flesh rests upon bones. Before this can be done, enormous beams that span the ship's interior have to be worked into place as supports for the various decks, the number of which in a large liner may approach a dozen. One of the principal finishing touches in the main construction is the erection of the massive stem and stern frames. These are of solid cast steel; the weight of the stern frame and brackets that support the propeller shafts is likely to exceed 100 tons in the case of so large a ship as the big new Cunard-White Star liner at Clydebank. Like a smaller ship building there for the same owners, the 13,500-ton liner "629," she will be known by a yard number until she receives her name on launching.

It is understood that she is likely to be of somewhat similar type to the existing Mauretania (second big liner to bear that name), which was delivered in 1939. With a gross tonnage of 35,677, this passenger liner is over 771 ft. in extreme length, with a beam (or breadth amidships) of just under 90 ft. She is propelled by six steam turbines geared to two propeller shafts, and is capable of a sea speed of 23 knots. Though overshadowed in size and speed by the giant liners Queen Elizabeth and Queen Mary, she is nevertheless a very large ship and is understood to have proved remarkably successful in service.

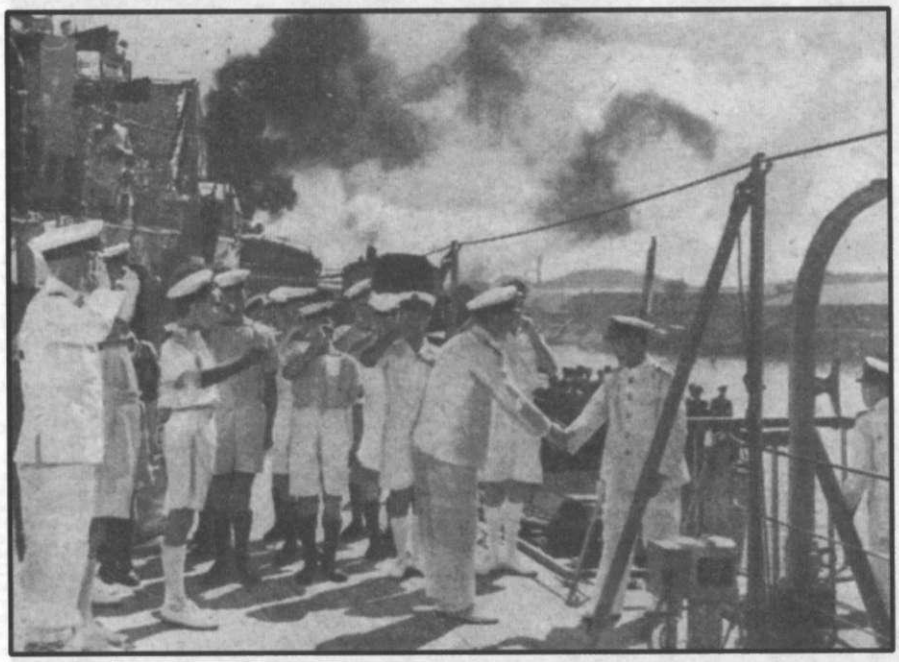
She is merely one of the various specialized types of ships now on order or under construction in British yards. Out of 387 ships on order at the end of September last no fewer than 51 were tankers, and fresh orders for such ships continue to be received. Most of them are motor vessels. This is not surprising in view of the important part that oil plays in modern civilization, and of the fact that tanker fleets suffered particularly heavily from U-boat attacks.

HOLDS With Refrigerating Plant to Transport Chilled Meat Cargoes

One highly specialized type of merchantman much in request is the refrigerated ship. Chilled meat comes in these vessels from such distant climes as New Zealand and Argentina. They have special holds fitted with refrigerating plant, run by expert personnel whose duty it is to ensure that the cargo arrives in first-class condition. Other holds take green fruit, which is kept sound by the skilful employment of carbon dioxide. Butter, bacon and eggs are also carried in different holds. Bananas from the West Indies and Central America constitute a different class of cargo, for which fast vessels of a particular design are employed.

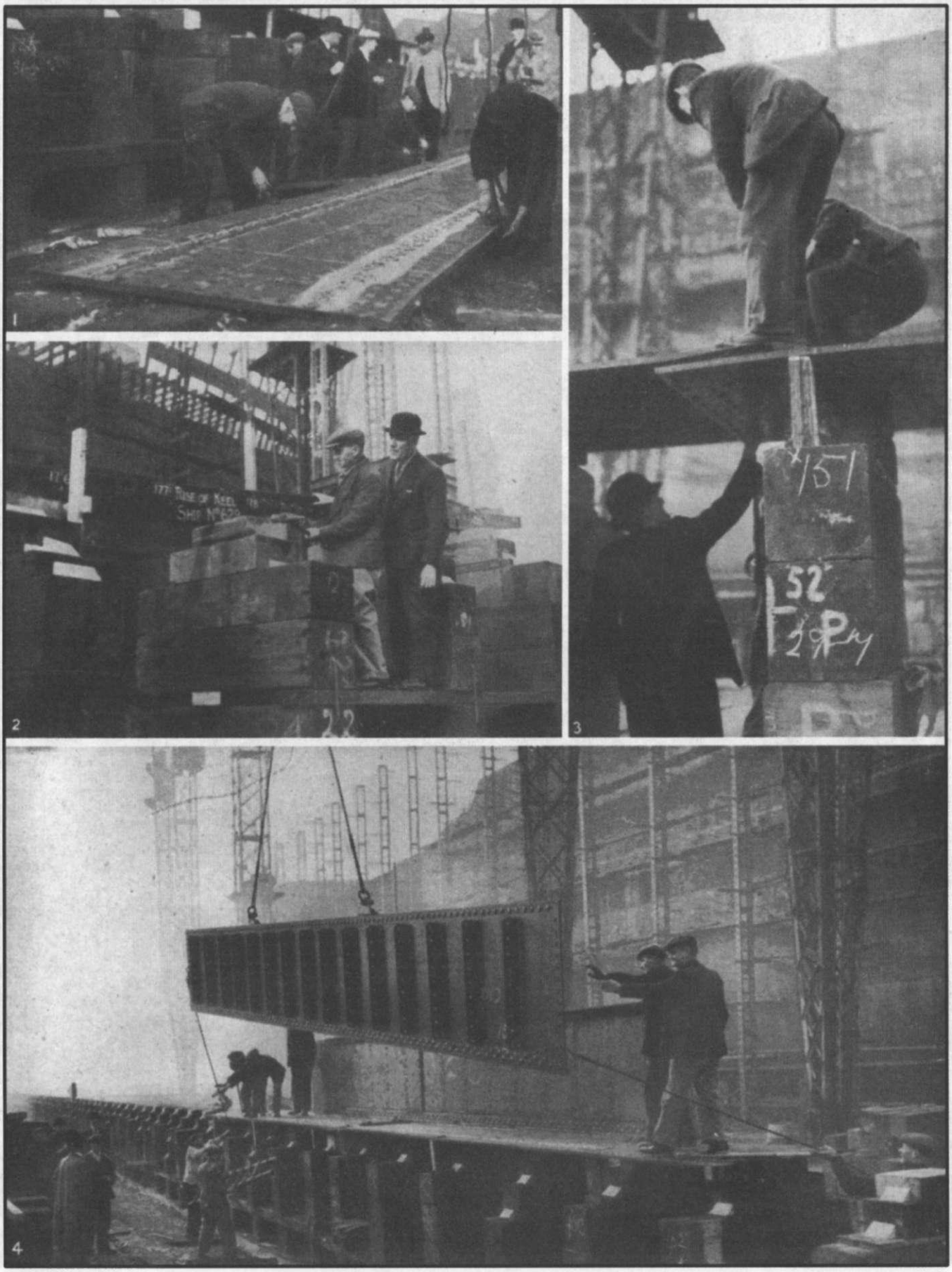
RECENT orders include a 13,000-ton passenger liner with much refrigerated space for the Shaw, Savill & Albion Company; half a dozen refrigerated cargo liners of 11,000 tons for the Federal Steam Navigation Co., and two of the same type for the New Zealand Shipping Co., an allied concern; and two refrigerated motorships of 8,500 tons for the Donaldson Line. Large passenger ships include two liners, of 29,000 and 23,000 tons respectively, for the P. & O. Company, and one of the former tonnage for the Orient Line; two 27,000-ton passenger ships for the Union Castle Line; a 9,200-ton passenger and cargo vessel for the Bibby Line; and a pair of passenger and cargo ships for the Elder Dempster Lines. Cargo liners for such well-known concerns as the Canadian Pacific Company, the British India Company, and the Anchor Line, besides vessels of the humbler "tramp" type are being built in very considerable numbers, and there appears to be no immediate prospect of the flow of orders slackening.

NOTE.—*In the article "What of the Merchant Navy's Future?" in page 454, the author wishes to point out that, through an oversight, the rate of war risk money was described as weekly instead of monthly. It will now be appreciated that the amount of the extra pay granted on this account to Merchant Navy personnel was even less than appeared.*



PIPED ABOARD H.M.S. BERMUDA at Tsingtao on September 24, 1945, was Admiral Sheh, of the Chinese Navy; he was greeted by Captain J. Bethell, C.B.E., R.N. The cruiser Bermuda and the destroyer Tuscan had put into the North China port with supplies for 1,800 British, U.S. and Russian internees stranded there. *Photo, British Official*

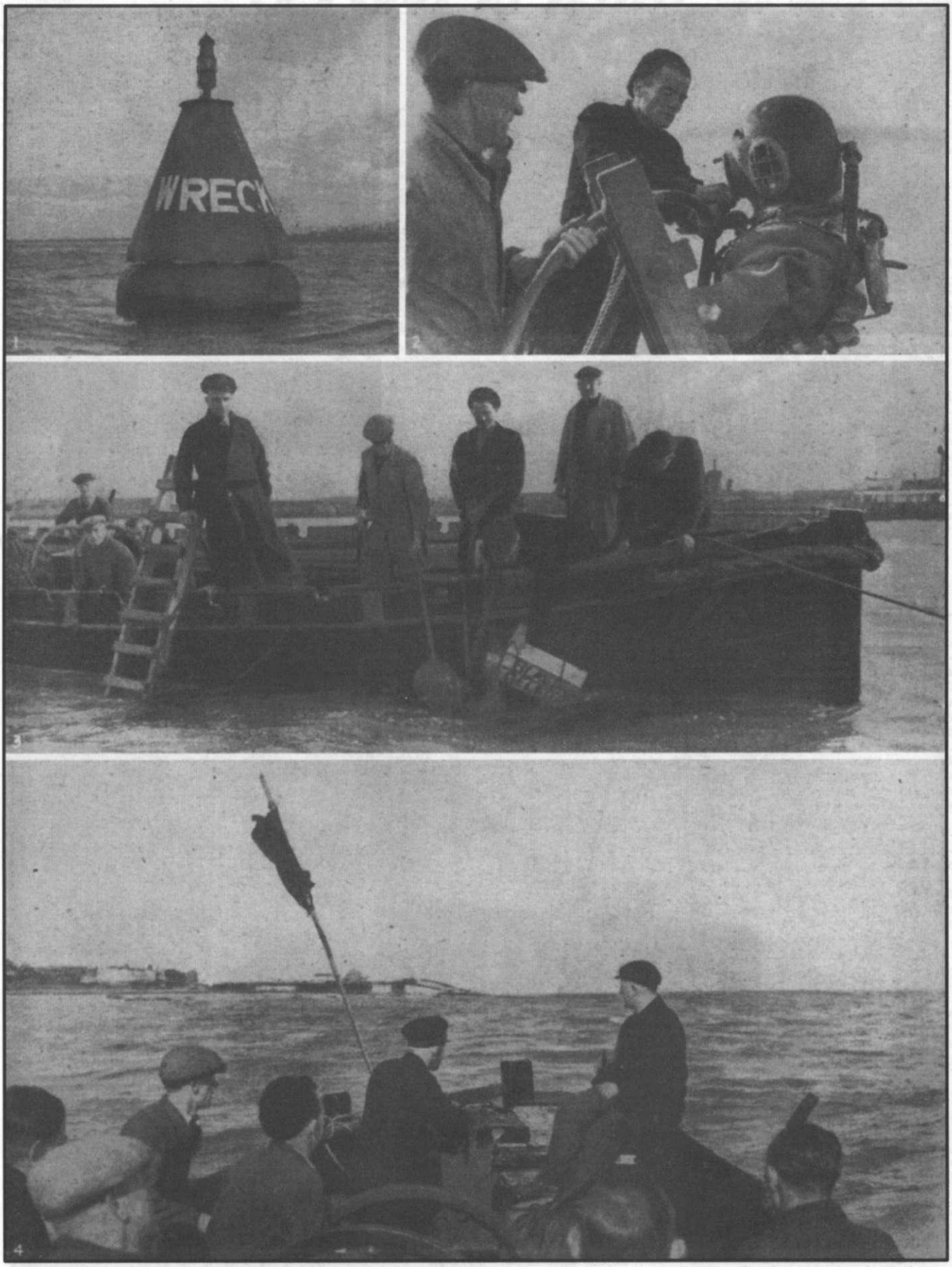
At Clydebank a New Liner Begins to Grow Up



TO REPLACE THE 'UTILITY' SHIPS of wartime building, British shipyards are clangorous with the noise of new merchant vessels coming into existence. At John Brown's Clydebank yards, Number 629 (she will be properly named on launching as a 13,500-ton Cunard-White Star liner) was cradled in November 1945. Preparing the keel for swinging into position (1). The "rise" is checked by a foreman shipwright (2). Bolting the keel-plates together (3). Assembly on the slipway blocks (4). See also facing page.

Photos, L.N.A.

They Clear Our Harbours of Death-Trap Ships



WRECK-BUOY MARKING THE GRAVE OF A SHIP (1), one of thousands round our coasts; there are 17 at the sea-approaches to Liverpool alone. Not worth salvaging, the sunken vessels are a constant danger to shipping till blown up by divers. About to inspect the wreckage of the S.S. Innisfallen, sixty feet below the Mersey, the diver has his helmet adjusted (2). After locating the wreck he resurfaces (3) for the explosive. The boat's crew (4) wait for the detonation—at a safe distance.

Photos, Keystone

To the Glory of the 161st Brigade at Kohima

SCENE OF BURMA'S FIERCEST SIEGE, where in April 1944 the Japanese advance was halted, two men of the Royal West Kent Regiment inspect the 161st Indian Infantry Brigade Group's memorial at Kohima. It was here, for fourteen days and nights, that the garrison, just over 3,000 men, held the bridge-head to India in one of the war's most stirring engagements. On December 1, 1945, the 14th Army—for ever linked with victory in Burma—was formally disbanded. **See also page 526. Vol. 6.**

Photo, British Official

Has the World Quite Finished With Hitler?

Masses of conflicting evidence have been collected: the Russians are reported even to have sifted the rubble of the ruined Chancellery in Berlin in the hope of finding identifiable remains of the ex-Fuehrer. Nothing entirely conclusive has yet come to light, but the British official report, on which the following article is based, may well prove to be the "last word."

ADOLF HITLER shot himself, and Eva Braun—his wedded wife for a day—poisoned herself in the Berlin Chancellery on April 30, 1945. That is the considered conclusion of British Intelligence experts attached to the Allied Control Council in the Reich capital, propounded in a dramatic document made public on November 1.

The death of the erstwhile Fuehrer is thus presumed—at least as far as Britain and the U.S. are concerned. Russia and France, it is reported, have not yet accepted these findings as final; a fact which is said to be causing serious complications in the framing of documents concerning all Germany.

The statement describing the Fuehrer's suicide is entitled (officially) "The Last Days of Hitler and Eva Braun," and it is based largely on eye witness accounts of those last hours in what had once been a proud capital, smashed by Allied bombers and the Red Army's heavy artillery.

It appears that Hitler's original intention had been to make his escape, by air, to Berchtesgaden on April 22 and from there to continue the struggle, surrounded by his "Werewolves" and the remaining Nazi chiefs. When that day came he cancelled his departure, deciding to meet his end in the doomed capital. At about 4.30 in the afternoon he held a staff conference in the Chancellery when he at once made it evident to his advisers that he considered the war lost and that he intended to remain in Berlin to the last in defence of the city. If Berlin fell, he declared, he would die there.

Decision to Remain in Berlin

"It is clear," says the statement, "that Hitler at that time suffered from an attack of nervous prostration during which he blamed everyone but himself for the failure of Germany to win the war." His advisers, both military and civil, tried to persuade their leader to change his mind and leave Berlin, but to no avail. The Fuehrer's influence over this immediate circle of his followers was still paramount, however, for Goebbels took the same decision, and he with Martin Bormann—later to be tried at Nuremberg in his absence—Dr. Ludwig Stumpfegger, Hitler's surgeon, and other members of the personal staff, remained behind to the end.

"Hitler's breakdown on April 22," continues the statement, "was the beginning of the end. From that time he never left the bunker, surrounded no longer by soldiers but by his 'family circle,' those officers responsible directly to him for the defence of Berlin. His state of mind was reported by all who saw him to have been very much calmer after the crisis on April 22. He even gained confidence as to the outcome of the battle of Berlin."

But Hitler's regained confidence was only spasmodic. Every now and then his calm was interrupted by "tantrums" when he recalled old treacheries "and found new ones." His physical health, on the contrary, was poor. The nervous strain, the unhealthy living conditions and his eccentric hours, all told heavily on him. And yet "apart from the reported trembling of the hands, from which he had suffered for some time, and his general decrepitude, he was as 'normal' as ever in his mind."

DISSENSION had long shown itself in the Nazi hierarchy. Even Goering had fallen into complete disfavour by his endeavours to take over control from Hitler a few days earlier. On the evening of April 26, Field-Marshal Ritter von Greim reported to Hitler's bunker to receive his commission as Commander-in-Chief of the Luftwaffe—as Goering's successor. Hitler informed Greim that he had made all arrangements for the destruction of his body and that of Eva Braun "so that they would not fall into enemy hands." He gave Greim poison capsules, with which the Field-Marshal was later to kill himself. Such capsules he had already issued to all occupants of the bunker.

On April 28, news filtered through to the bunker that Himmler was trying to negotiate peace with the Allies through Count Bernadotte, head of the Swedish Red Cross. This intelligence was received with a mixture of disgust and incredulity. "During the previous three days the battle of Berlin had been drawing nearer the centre of the city," the statement goes on. "Shells were falling round the bunker, and in the early hours of April 29 it was reported that Russian tanks had broken into the Potsdamer Platz," a few hundred yards away to the south-west.

In desperation, Hitler ordered von Greim to mount a Luftwaffe attack in support of the German 12th Army, which was supposed (erroneously) to be within shelling distance of the Potsdamer Platz. Von Greim took off from the Charlottenburger Chaussee in a Luftwaffe aircraft which had been flown in to collect him. But this last slender hope was soon to be abandoned: effective relief of Berlin was beyond all human possibility.

Last Hours of Hitler and Eva Braun

On the evening of April 29 Hitler married Eva Braun, "the ceremony being performed by an official from the Propaganda Ministry in a small conference room in the bunker." The marriage may have been suggested by Eva Braun, for she had apparently always wished for "the peculiar glory" of dying with Hitler and had used her influence to persuade him to die in Berlin. The report goes on: "After the ceremony the newly-married couple shook hands with all present in the bunker and retired to their suite, with Hitler's secretary, for a marriage feast. According to her, the conversation, which had been confined to suicide, was so oppressive that she had to leave."

The last scene of all is described with grim vividness. "At about 2.30 a.m. on April 30," declares the statement, "Hitler said good-bye to about twenty people, about ten of them women, whom he had summoned from the other bunkers in the new and old Chancelleries. He shook hands with the women and spoke to most of them. On that same day, at about 2.30 p.m. orders were sent to the Transport Office, requiring the immediate dispatch to the bunker of 200 litres of petrol. Between 160 and 180 litres of petrol were collected and deposited in the garden just outside the emergency exit of the bunker.

"At about the same time, Hitler and Eva Braun made their last appearance alive. They went round the bunker and shook hands with their immediate entourage and retired to their own apartments, where they both committed suicide, Hitler by shooting himself, apparently through the mouth, Eva Braun apparently by taking poison, though she was supplied with a revolver."

AFTER the suicide, the bodies were taken into the garden outside the bunker by Goebbels, Bormann, perhaps Stumpfegger and one or two others, Hitler wrapped in a blanket, "presumably because he was bloody." The bodies were placed side by side in the garden about three yards from the emergency exit of the bunker, "and drenched with petrol."

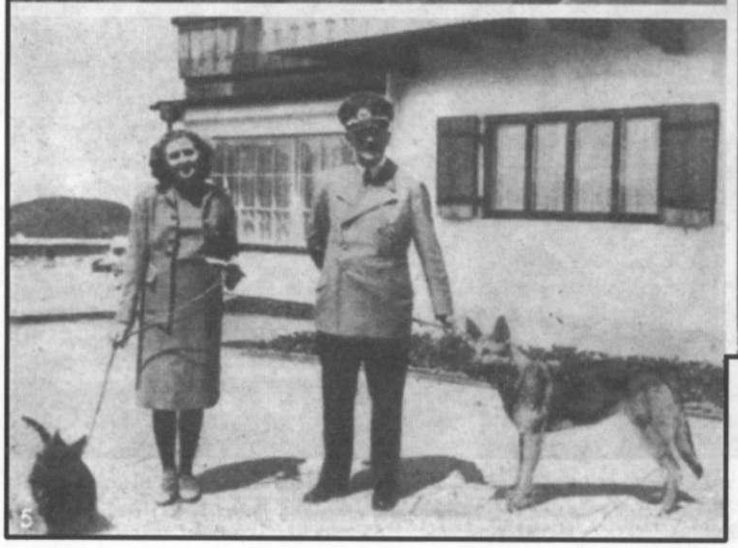
Because of the Soviet shelling the party withdrew under the shelter of the emergency exit and "a petrol-soaked and lighted rag was thrown on the bodies, which at once caught fire. The party then stood to attention, gave the Hitler salute and retired." How often the bodies were resoaked or how long they burned is not known. One witness was informed that they burned until nothing was left; more probably they were charred until they were unrecognizable, and the bodies broken up and probably buried.

Have we finished with Hitler? "The evidence," avers the British Intelligence report, "is not complete, but it is positive, circumstantial, consistent and independent. There is no evidence whatever to support any of the theories which have been circulated, and which presuppose that Hitler is still alive. All such stories which have been reported have been investigated, and have been found to be baseless."

EVA BRAUN, HITLER'S WIFE FOR A DAY, seen with the Fuehrer, who seems to be taking an afternoon nap. This was one of the many photographs in her album, now in the possession of U.S Intelligence experts (see facing page). The story of her tragic marriage and of the couple's suicide is told here.

Photo, Associated Press

Souvenirs of the Fuehrer's Private Life



EVA BRAUN'S TREASURE-CHEST was found by U.S. troops at Frankfort on November 15, 1945. According to a British Intelligence report (see facing page) she married Hitler in the Berlin Chancellery on April 29, both committing suicide next day. U.S. officials catalogued items (1), which included British and U.S. money, jewelry and valuable postage-stamps. Among her photographs was one of Hitler and "Uschi" (2), one of two children, thought to be those of Eva's sister Gretel. Others show the children with Eva and Hitler (3); Eva herself (4); and Hitler and Eva at Berchtesgaden (5). PAGE 523 *Photos, Associated Press Keystone*

Empire Troops to Quell Strife in Batavia

ALTHOUGH INDONESIAN RESISTANCE was stiffening, Mr. Sutan A. Sjahrir, the new self-styled Premier of the "Indonesian Republic," declared on December 4, 1945, that his party would abide by any decision on the future of Indonesia taken by the United Nations in discussions between Lord Alanbrooke, Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten and Dr. Van Mook held at Singapore on December 6. (Peace parleys held in Batavia on November 17 had broken down). The Singapore conference empowered the Allied Commander in Java to restore and maintain law and order as far as his military resources would permit.

Lt.-Gen. Sir Philip Christison, Allied C.-in-C. in Java, ordered all Netherlands and Netherlands East Indies troops to quit Batavia on November 21. The following day Gen. Sir Miles Dempsey, S.E.A.C., Land Commander, arrived in Surabaya, where a mopping-up drive had been launched by the Fifth Indian Division against Indonesians numbering close on 20,000. On November 29 it was announced that, following naval bombardment and the dropping of forty 500-lb. bombs by the R.A.F., the occupation of Surabaya was complete and a local administration set up under British control.

AFTER AN OUTBREAK OF RIOTING a wounded Indonesian was brought in by British Indian troops, nearly 1,000 of whom were landed at Tanjong Priok, Batavia's port, on Nov. 29, 1945, to strengthen Maj.-Gen. Hawthorn's 23rd Indian Division.

PEACE PARLEYS BROKE DOWN in Batavia on November 17, 1945, after less than four hours. Those present included (top, left to right) Lt.-Gen. Sir Philip Christison; Mr Sutan A. Sjahrir, self-styled Indonesian Premier; Dr. H. J. Van Mook, Lieut.-Governor-General of the Netherlands East Indies. In Surabaya (cleared of rebels by Nov. 29) Gurkhas of the 5th Indian Division patrolled past the Courts of Justice (bottom) which, with many other buildings, had been wrecked in the struggle. See also facing page.

Photos, Associated Press, Planet News

Modern Ark of Refuge From Indonesian Storm

ROYAL NAVY WENT TO THE RESCUE of Dutch women and children fleeing from Indonesian mobs: 3,000 were brought away from Surabaya in L.S.Ts. (Landing ship, tanks) such as this, in mid-November 1945. Most of the refugees had suffered cruelties and privations for four years at the hands of the Japanese, whilst some had been wounded on their way to the port in ambush attacks by Indonesian nationalists. On November 28 the Australian Government announced their willingness to receive and care for 10,000 refugees in the Commonwealth.

Photo, Planet News

British Brains and Pluck Against German Cunning

Cold-blooded courage of the highest order was demanded of the men who tackled unexploded bombs and mines. They pitted their wits against devilish devices which to them might easily have meant instant death—with always imprinted on their minds the grim warning, "Your first mistake will be your last!" Capt. MARTIN THORNHILL gives striking instances of their truly heroic work—entailing skill as well as courage. See also page 342.

At the height of the London blitz a German parachute mine came to rest with its tail propped against the side of a signal-box outside London Bridge Station. Had it exploded, one of the many consequences would have been a serious disruption of railway traffic on the Southern Railway in Cannon Street, Charing Cross and London Bridge stations.

To the scene came Lieut.-Commander John B. P. Miller, R.N.V.R., mine disposal expert, in response to an urgent call to the Admiralty. Any attempt to pull out the mine for easier working would almost certainly have set it off, but there was just room between the mine and the wall of the signal-box to give the Commander awkward access to the fuse underneath. Three times Miller tried to fit a safety gag to it. Twice the fuse-clock began its ominous ticking, then stopped. Miller made a desperate decision. Regardless of personal danger, he removed the fuse without a gag. Later it was found that the fuse was leaking, and in consequence the mine had been in an extremely dangerous condition throughout the whole of this operation.

It was, in fact, to a few Naval personnel that fell the task of making first close acquaintance with this class of Hun-born menace. Following disclosure by a prisoner of war that the enemy were employing a new secret weapon which might paralyse merchant navy traffic, Lieut.-Commander Ouvry, R.N., received an urgent summons to the Admiralty. Observers had reported parachutes bearing queer objects falling into the Thames and other river estuaries at night. In the early hours of that grey November morning in 1939 began the grim task of Commanders Ouvry, Lewis and their men to examine and de-activate the new magnetic mine (see story in page 124, Vol. 7).

R.A.F. BEACH SQUADRON members trained in mine disposal examine a German shoe mine on a Normandy invasion beach. *Photo, British Official*

All this, of course, was work for which these men had been trained—jobs which they had been long expecting. They knew the risks they ran, for there was no means of knowing beforehand what new devilries might cause the bomb to detonate at the first—or, as the enemy afterwards contrived—later stages of attempts to dismantle it. Very little of this quiet, stoical gallantry received official recognition in the shape of awards, for, as we have said, it was all in the day's work. True, there *has* been some recognition, but to the way of thinking of most of us it is quite disproportionate both to the degree of courage and its recurrent character.

Lieut.-Commander Miller, again, once tackled a mine in a dark passage of a London warehouse. Nobody knew exactly where the mine was, so Miller groped about until he found it, lying half-buried in the ground and wrapped in some lead roofing. On this occasion he worked single-handed, but subsequently he was in charge of a party which tackled fifteen mines one after another. For these and other perilous tasks Miller received the George Cross—second only to the V.C. as an award for valour—as did Able Seaman John Tuckwell who worked with him.

J. B. P. MILLER, G.C. S. J. TUCKWELL, G.C. Lieut.-Cmdr. J. B. P. Miller was decorated in 1941 for dismantling enemy mines, gallantly aided by the A.B. (right) as told here. *Crown Copyright*

Right up to D-Day, men of the Navy and Royal Marines had been lifting and immunizing thousands of mines. In the few days following the invasion of Normandy they disposed of hundreds more on the beaches there, and the terse comment of the "Bomb Safety Officer" who conducted these operations: "It has been a cakewalk," did nothing to minimize the dogged courage that lay behind the work.

Not to Explode Until Touched

Happily, it is now possible to tell the stories of *all* those who fought and conquered the menace of the unexploded bombs dropped on Britain. It would, however, be an almost endless tale, an epic of epics. Many of these bombs were not meant to explode until they were touched. Many did so only after a delay of hours or even days, unless approached and made safe in the meantime. It may well be that thousands of lives and millions of pounds' worth of property were saved by those who worked ceaselessly, and without much comment, on their hazardous tasks for the best part of six years.

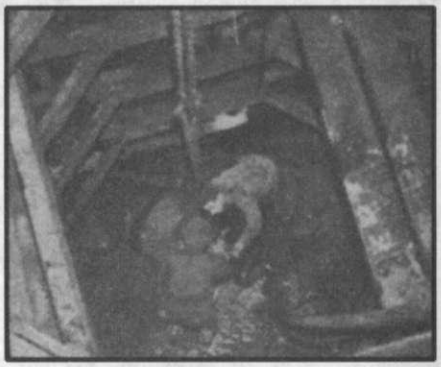
After the first few months the work was shared by men of the Navy, Army and Air Force, often aided by some of the most highly skilled scientists in the land. Each Service branch was responsible within its own sphere of control, but it was on the Bomb Disposal Units of the Royal Engineers that fell the onus of clearing our towns, railways, factories and countryside. The magnitude of the task can be assessed from the fact that the R.E.s alone have disposed of over 45,000 unexploded H.E. bombs, and this figure does not include incendiary and other small missiles.

Every bomb that failed to explode had to be tackled, whether lying on the surface or buried 30 or 40 ft., when deep excavations had to be made to get at it. Then B.D. sappers would work unceasingly for days until it was reached, all the time unaware whether it might prove to be a time bomb or some newer device which could explode at any moment—a task that tested the stoutest heart and strongest nerve. The Bomb Disposal Squads toiled steadily on, undeterred by the risks they were running. To them the "Raiders Past" signal brought no respite, no relaxation of effort to protect the people and property of Britain, resulting in the deaths of 235 officers and men of the organization.

When excavations at last exposed the bomb, lying at the bottom of a hole in almost pitch-black gloom, probably with the delicate fuse mechanism in an inaccessible position, the more desperately dangerous work would begin. If the fuse was of a known pattern the Bomb Disposal Officer would know what to do; and, working alone—just in case he did make a mistake—he would ensure that one more menace to life and property was removed.

If, however, he had reason to suppose the fuse to be of a new type, then every possible detail would be rushed back to the Technical Staff, whose duty it then became to get at that fuse, somehow, without setting off the bomb. Thereafter, day and night, soldiers and scientists worked together, British brains against German cunning, to devise a means of dealing successfully with all similar fuses. An unparalleled form of courage was this persistent pluck of the R.E.s in Bomb Disposal Units—not that courage born of the excitement of battle, but grim determination to work quickly but patiently on toward an ever-developing peril.

True, this spirit had near parallel in the pluck of hundreds of students who passed daily through the mine schools. Here the main charge of every instructional mine was removed, but the igniter sets were left "alive," and they contained enough explosive to blow off the hand or foot of any student who might make one small mistake. On July 18, 1941, the chief field research and experimental officer, Directorate of



BURIED GERMAN BOMB at Greenwich was extricated by R.E.s in November 1945—five years after it had been dropped. It made a hole 26 ft. deep. *Photo, The Evening Standard*

Scientific Research, Ministry of Supply, was killed by a bomb, with seven other men who were examining it. Another fatal casualty was his secretary, who used to accompany him on his dangerous missions to take down his notes, which were often dictated while he was actually at work on the bombs.

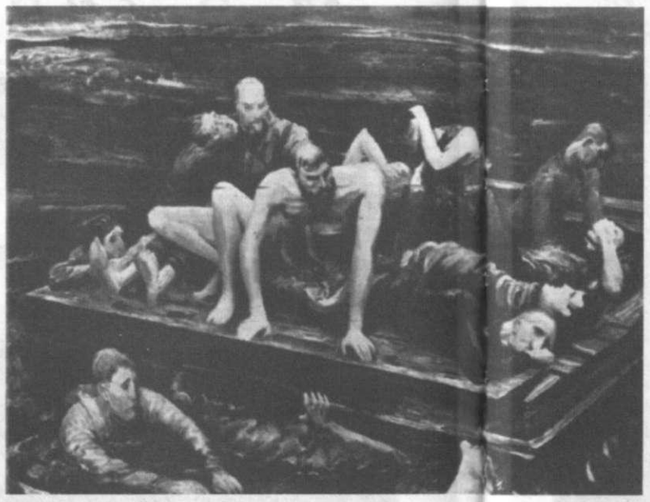
The secrecy which so long has veiled the work of B.D. may never, for long-term security reasons, be fully uncovered. R.E. Disposal Squads are still searching for "souvenirs" of German raids, and there is still valuable information to be gleaned and applied (such are the needs and the duties of the General Staff in peace as well as war). Thus, this task still sports its maxim. "Your first mistake will be your last!"

More of the Nation's War Paintings

"TAKE OFF"

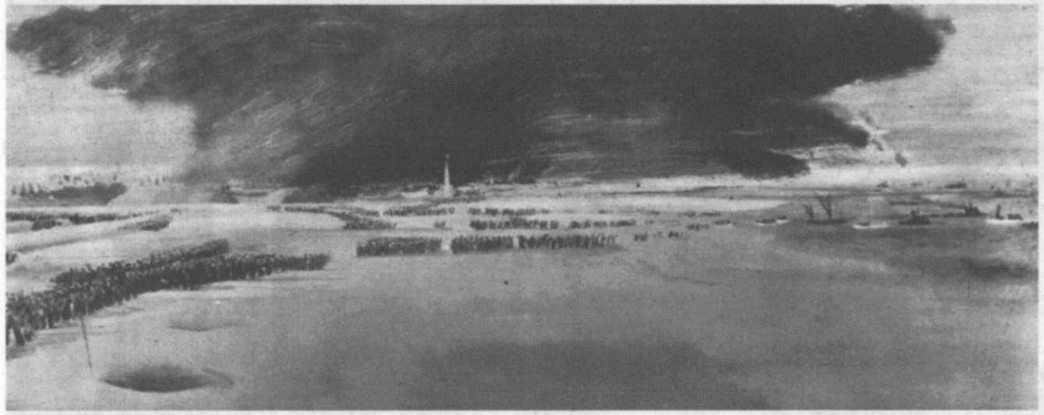
Dame Laura Knight, D.B.E., R.A.

STRETCHER-PARTY MEN AT WORK IN GAS CLOTHING — W. L. Clause



SHIPWRECKED — Raymond Coxon

OPERATIONS ROOM — A. Olivier

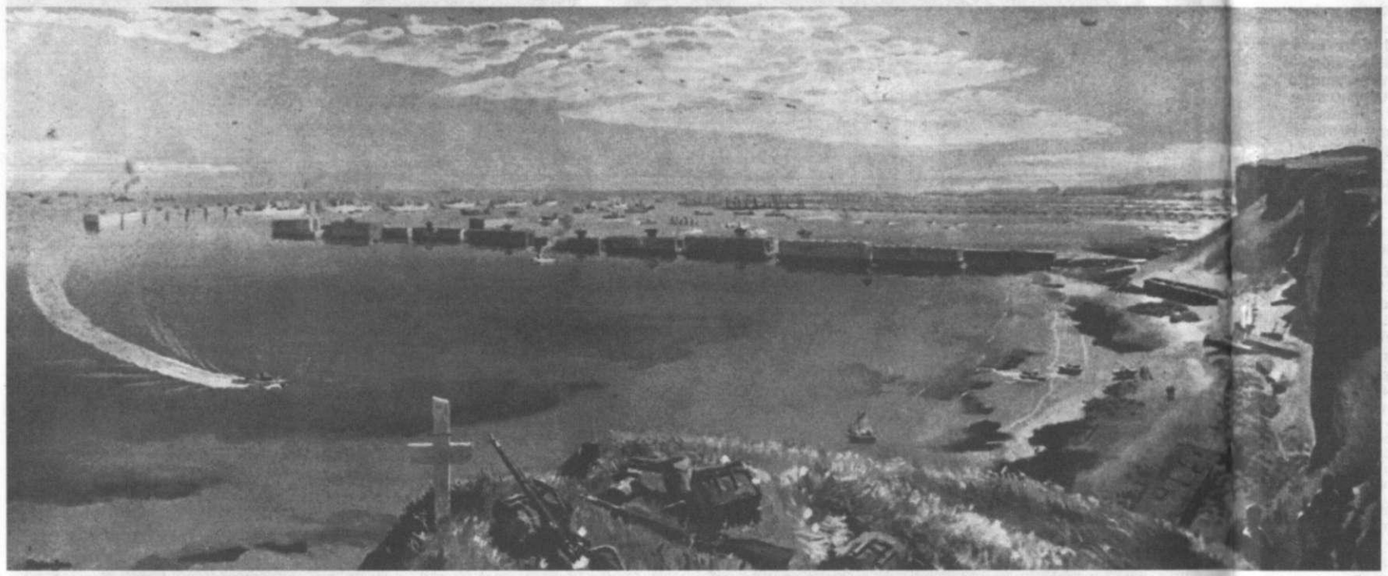


DUNKIRK BEACHES, 1940 — Richard Eurich, A.R.A.

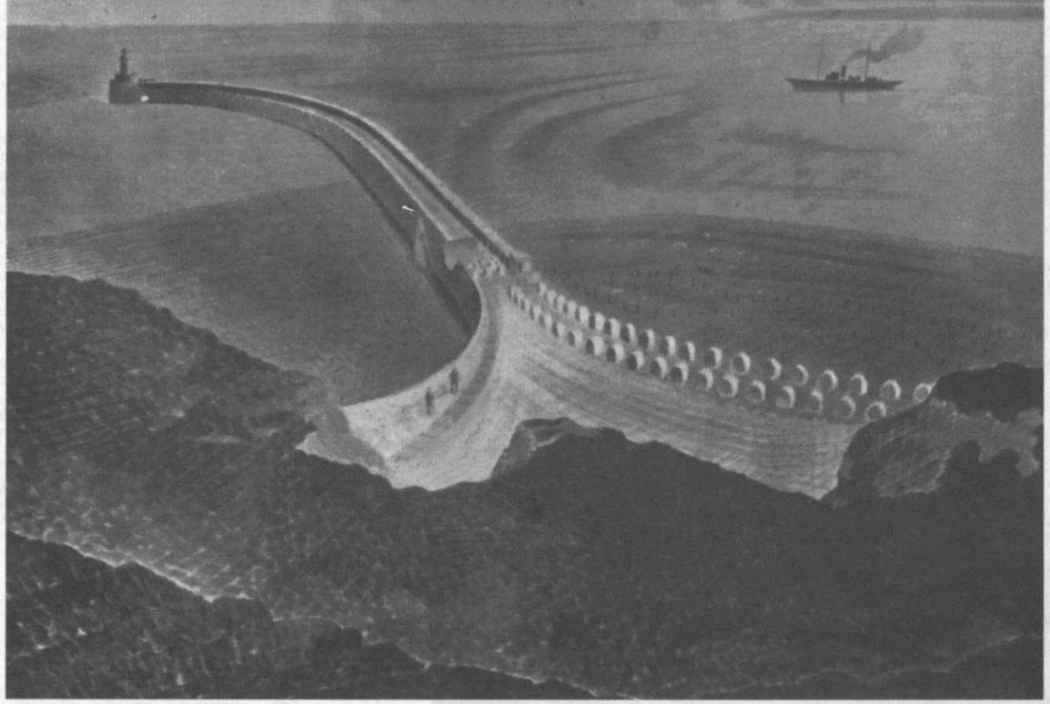
How well the productive aim of the War Artists' Advisory Committee—"an artistic record of the war in all its aspects"—has been fulfilled has been exemplified on occasion in "The War Illustrated" (pages 545–548, Vol. 3; pages 322–324, Vol. 4; pages 15–18 and 719–722, Vol. 7). In these two pages and page 527 we reproduce a final selection from originals displayed (with the exception of Dunkirk Beaches, 1940, which—as also Shipwrecked—is not the work of an eye wit-

ness) at the Royal Academy of Arts, London, in the autumn of 1945. That artists should have seen what they painted was insisted upon, as far as possible, by the Committee; and the remarkably effective manner in which they "tackled unfamiliar subjects under unfavourable circumstances" is beyond praise. Two lost their lives, including Eric Ravilious, whose Coastal Defences is shown here, and who was killed while flying over Iceland.

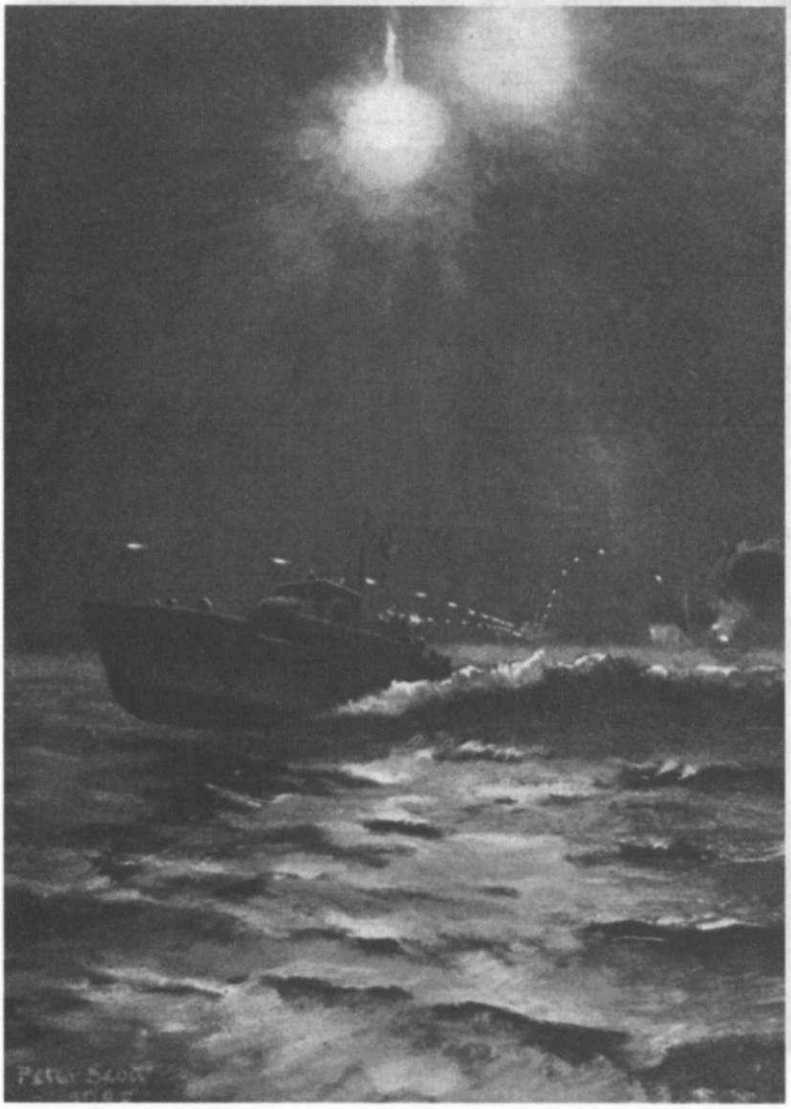
Crown—Copyright



MULBERRY — Stephen Bone



COASTAL DEFENCES — Eric Ravilious



Spitfires of the Fleet after Night Battle

"DRUMMED up the Channel as Drake drummed them long ago" was the lot of the enemy's ships by autumn 1944. But, as Lieut.-Cmdr. Peter Scott's foreword to his book (reviewed in the facing page, and from which these illustrations—reproduced from paintings by the author—are taken) goes on to remark, "The battle went on in the North Sea until the end came on May 8, 1945." With pen and brush Peter Scott presents the parts played in the bitter struggles, more particularly in North Sea and Channel, by our motor torpedo boats, motor gunboats and motor launches—aptly nicknamed Spitfires of the Fleet—whose chief purposes were to keep open our convoy routes and to deny to the Germans the use of the Channel ports.

WELL has he captured and enshrined "the strange and dreadful beauty" of many a modern seafight. And the brooding atmosphere that is neighbour to the climax of night battle or hazardous patrol can be sensed in his picture titled Returning at Dawn (above). The eeriness of it all is focused in Attack Completed—One Hit (left) . . . as the starshells burst overhead and float down on their parachutes they leave a trail of brightly illuminated smoke above them. And in the rear, a burning wreck.

From The Battle of the Narrow Seas, by Lieut.-Cmdr. Peter Scott, M.B.E., D.S.C. and Bar, R.N.V.R., by permission of Country Life Ltd.

"Battle of the Narrow Seas"

Reviewed by HAMILTON FYFE

"He served in the spirit of the greatest sailor of all." That was the epitaph written for a naval lieutenant who lost his life in an engagement with German E-boats off the Netherlands coast. It might be applied to every one of the young men who gallantly carried on The Battle of the Narrow Seas, as Lieut.-Cmdr. Peter Scott calls his History of the Light Coastal Forces in the Channel and North Sea, 1939-1945 (Country Life, Ltd., 15s.). They were a magnificent body of officers, and their crews caught the Nelson spirit from them. That explained why the British Navy kept the initiative in the waters between Britain and the Continent all through those six years.

They were aggressive, daring, undaunted by superior numbers, resolute in pushing their attacks home. Nelson himself wrote: "No captain can do very wrong if he places his ship alongside that of an enemy." In that tradition the Coastal Forces acted; and Peter Scott, son of the famous Antarctic explorer, has paid a very fine tribute to their splendid achievements.

He has illustrated his book himself, and his drawings of the men whose skill and courage he celebrates are both beautiful in themselves and also help us to understand what manner of men they were. In their faces we can read acceptance of great responsibility, for, although their ships were small, they were in sole command of them: their safety and the lives of all on board depended on the skipper's perception of the right thing to do and his quick decision in giving orders to do it. They may, as was said of Lieut. Leaf, whose epitaph I have quoted above, have "reduced caution to an irreducible minimum," but they never threw it to the winds.

'Crowded Hours of Glorious Life'

Nothing could be more exciting than to sight the enemy—perhaps an escorted convoy, or it might be an E-boat pack, or possibly a submarine; to manoeuvre into position so that torpedoes might be launched; to be discovered and to have the night made day by starshells; to bring guns into action, and then to make a successful get-away. But in between these "crowded hours of glorious life" came long periods of tedium. There was strain, discomfort and boredom.

> Most of the work of the coastal forces was done at night and most of it was uneventful. Normally for every action there are many nights of a fruitless patrol. Battles were only the exceptions which came occasionally to break the monotony of long nights patrolling, lying perhaps stopped and rolling helplessly in the trough of a short swell, or cruising at speed and drenched through with rain and spray.

Hard to keep continually on the alert under these conditions, through "long periods of uneventful steaming in waters where no contact with the enemy is likely."

> There may be moments of concern, a patch of fog, a rising wind a breakdown in one of the boats on patrol. Should they go on or turn back? The Senior Officer's decision must perhaps be made quickly. He may hear the high-pitched note of a wireless signal being received by the telegraphist below. Various possibilities may be passing through his mind. But probably the signal is a routine one. Will this be another of the fruitless nights? Will it drag slowly through until the faintest glow above the eastern horizon ends another dull patrol? Cocoa at midnight—and sandwiches, perhaps. There may be nothing on the sea for miles around.

Or, on the other hand, there may be enemy vessels not more than half a mile away. If there are, it is often very difficult to identify them. "Even size is often impossible to judge because the distance, and therefore the scale, is so deceptive."

Even in daylight it is not always easy to decide the question: Friend or Foe? When the three German cruisers Scharnhorst, Gneisenau and Prinz Eugen went through the Channel in February 1942 and were followed by M.T.B.s vainly trying to approach near enough for a torpedo attack, one of the British officers reported the Prinz Eugen leading, but it appeared later from statements by prisoners of war who had been on board that this ship was third in line.

Another incident noted here occurred during the Dieppe raid. One of our small ships approached to within half a mile of two larger enemy ships and fired torpedoes at them. "That he was able to approach to within 900 yards under the continuous glare of starshell can only be attributed to misidentification. The Germans must have thought he was one of them."

Usually the first warning of enemy ships near came to ears rather than to eyes. The slightest sounds had to be listened for. What was that? The noise of a motor, the roar of a turbine, the threshing of a screw? This was not at all easy when the sea ran high. On a calm moonlight night slight sounds came from a long way off, but then the moonlight was a danger in itself. "I must own," Peter Scott wrote after an action, "to a sinking feeling on sighting the enemy. The moon was so bloody bright."

Sometimes the phosphorescence on the water prevented our boats from creeping in unseen. The bow wave and the wake of moving vessels "shone with pale-green luminosity, so bright that the phosphorescence, even at slow speeds, could be seen at far greater distances than the dark lump of the vessel itself."

Mishaps in motor boats seem to be more frequent than in ships driven by steam, whether with coal or oil, and many of the former are so small that they cannot carry more than one engine. When the motor mechanic of M.T.B. 87 reported that the clutch would not engage, the chances of the boat surviving were small. Four E-boats were attacking her. All preparations for abandoning ship were made. Luckily a sudden fog came over and blotted out the combatants. When the First Lieutenant went down to see what efforts were being made to remedy the clutch trouble, "all I saw was the stoker sitting on the starboard engine and supporting himself by gripping a pipe. I jumped down, seething with rage, to find that, although badly wounded in the arm, he was holding a rag over the fuel pipe which had been pierced by a shell. He remained in that position for many hours."

Lt.-Cmdr. PETER SCOTT, M.B.E., D.S.C. and Bar, R.N.V.R., vividly portrays the exploits of our Light Coastal Forces in the book reviewed here. **See also facing page.**

Photo, The Evening News

In another of the coastal craft, an M.G.B. (Motor Gunboat) this time, the motor mechanic crawled up to the lieutenant in command after an engagement with E-boats had been going on at full throttle for half an hour, and said: "For God's sake, stop, sir!" The lieutenant was "extremely incensed" and asked why. The mechanic said: "You have been running your engines on full throttle for so long that all the dynamos are on fire. Give me two minutes and I will pull the leads out." That he did "without turning a hair" and "the party continued," for another half-hour, when one of the Browning guns became white hot.

To Commemorate Those Who Died

Yet another kind of accident was due to trouble with the exhaust-pipe. On one M.T.B. during a patrol the leading stoker "lurched his way up to the bridge as if he were very drunk indeed. His report was alarming. The exhaust-pipe junctions had worked loose and the engine-room was filled with poisonous gases. The seamen dashed below and fished out the other two who, not having Clarke's extremely robust constitution, were already unconscious. All three were laid out on the upper deck and gradually they came round, with splitting headaches and violent nausea." Had there been an enemy near by that boat would have been a "sitter" as a target.

Not always can the result of torpedo attack be observed. When it is watched, the observer sees something like this:

> I fired my fish at a medium-sized merchant vessel. At first I thought I had missed him—it always seems ages before your torpedoes get there—but then suddenly a glow like a bonfire started on his waterline, no enormous flash, no huge column of water, nothing dramatic at all. And then slowly he seemed to disintegrate, puffing out steam like a puff-ball puffs out dust when you tread on it. Maybe disintegrate is the wrong word—he seemed to deflate more than anything.

If you think about it impersonally, logically, it is a horrible business, this stalking and sinking of merchant ships, taking them unawares, sending the crews to their deaths "with all their imperfections on their heads." It is the sort of thing that has gone on ever since we have any record of Man's activities—with varying types of weapon, and sometimes with more, sometimes with less, ruthlessness. Warfare has become neither crueller nor kinder since the days of Sargon and the earliest Egyptian dynasties. Man's inhumanity to man has been a constant factor in life on our planet since Man began. But it is clear that Peter Scott sees at times that war is "a horrible business."

He declares truly in his Foreword, addressed to young men, that "there is no glory to be had out of war that cannot be had out of some greater and more creative enterprise," and that the best way to commemorate the men who died is to find a complete and lasting peace. But at the end he is less hopeful. We must have a strong navy, he says, and in it there must be a place for Coastal Forces—"so long as armed force continues to play a part in the affairs of men." From that attitude of mind wars have always resulted.

United Nations Organization Prepares for Action

AT CHURCH HOUSE, WESTMINSTER, on November 24, 1945, the Preparatory Commission of the United Nations Organization—product of the San Francisco Conference (see page 270)—met in readiness for the Assembly in London early in 1946. Chairman was Dr. Eduardo Z. Angel, of Colombia (1). Delegates included Mr. P. Noel Baker, Minister of State, Great Britain (2); the Emir Feisal of Saudi Arabia (3). The Commission (4) sat in the chamber used by the House of Commons after the bombing of their " home " in May 1941.

Great Pluto Has Piped Its Last Pint of Petrol

AT DUNGENESS, Kent, the Pluto pipeline system which conveyed millions of gallons of petrol across the bed of the Channel to the Allied armies on the Continent (see page 120) was being dismantled by men of the R.A.S.C. and. the Pioneer Corps in November 1945. Some thirty miles of pipeline are to be left under the Channel, its removal not being considered worth while.

Pioneers carry away a 10-ft. section (1). Storage tanks, housed in former holiday-makers' bungalows on the Greatstone Dunes, were originally installed at night, and to the local populace it is still a mystery how this was done. Pioneers knocked down the wall of a tank-house (2), the only way the petrol storage tanks could be removed. Rolling one of the 5,000-gallon tanks into position for towing away (3), a task for a heavy-tracked vehicle (4).

PAGE 533

Now It Can Be Told!

NAIL GUN SPEEDS UNDERWATER SALVAGE

HOLED below the water-line, a wreck must be patched before it can be salvaged. How to fix the patch most expeditiously over that yawning hole? Engineering ingenuity indicated how this task could be accomplished under the sea, and also produced the means. This wartime device, no longer secret, consists of a "gun" whose charge of explosive is powerful enough to drive inch-and-a-half steel nails through two half-inch steel plates so that these are held together in the closest possible contact, almost as effectively as though riveted in the ordinary way.

The salvaging of ships sunk in Antwerp approaches has been expedited in this manner. A steel plate patch with sufficiently large overlap is lowered into position and held temporarily to the ship's hull, sometimes by means of a magnet. Around the edge of the plate the nail guns are fixed at intervals, and when the explosive charge is touched off the skittle-shaped nails are driven home violently through the plate and into the vessel's hull.

The great heat which is generated at the moment of impact serves to reinforce the join between the plate-edges and the hull, and there can be no question of the patch shifting or developing a leak. Owing to its peculiar nature the nail gun is essentially an underwater tool, but peacetime requirements may lead to even more useful developments in the manner and nature of its employment.

REINHARD HEYDRICH, whose death at the hands of Czech avengers from Britain is revealed below. See also page 206, Vol. 5.
Photo, Associated Press

HOW 'HANGMAN' HEYDRICH MET HIS END

CZECH parachutists, flown from Britain, killed Reinhard Heydrich, notorious Nazi "hangman," it was learned on November 1, 1945, when the full story of the assassination of the Gauleiter of Bohemia and Moravia was told by an eye witness. The details of the assassination (as revealed here by Associated Press) were disclosed by a young Czech liaison officer attached to the War Crimes Commission at Wiesbaden, formerly a policeman in Prague, who worked with the Underground Movement.

A special mission of parachutists, armed with British weapons, was assigned to the task of hunting down Heydrich. They were led by Lieutenant Jan Opletal (aged 30), who was well known in Czech circles in London during the war. All three members of the special unit, with four companions, killed themselves when they were trapped in a church after carrying out their mission.

They were dropped in Bohemia in December 1941, and for five months waited their chance. Heydrich was known to take the same route every day from his country house to his Prague headquarters. On the morning of May 27, 1942, he was riding with his S.S. chauffeur. One of the Czechs, stationed at a corner a little distance away, signalled to his companions with a mirror. A tram coming from the opposite direction forced Heydrich's car to turn in near the kerbstone, and that was the patriots' opportunity.

One of the parachutists started firing at the hangman's car with a Bren gun, but it jammed. Then another of the agents threw a British bomb underneath the car from a few yards distance. Heydrich tried to draw his revolver, but he collapsed before he could fire. Twelve days later he died.

Heydrich's assailants escaped by fleeing in different directions. The Nazis launched a reign of terror, and an intensive house-to-house search was begun. A cordon was thrown around the city. The three Czech parachutists, with four companions who had been dropped earlier to make preparations, hid in the Prague church of Karel Boromejsky, where they were fed by clergymen. The Nazis offered a reward for clues, and threatened reprisals against the whole population unless the killers were found by June 18.

The parachutists' hide-out was given away by another Czech parachutist, who turned traitor at the last moment when taken prisoner by the Gestapo. For ten hours the seven Czech patriots in the church held off the Nazis who had surrounded them—three of them firing from the tower and the other four from the basement. Finally, when the Gestapo threatened to set fire to the building, the trapped men inside killed themselves.

LONDON'S PETROL WAS A LUFTWAFFE TARGET

DURING the critical months before D-Day the German Air Force planned and carried out an operation on a Thames target comparable with the famous "dam-busting" raid of the R.A.F. And they achieved some measure of success. This is revealed in the November issue of the Magazine of the Port of London Authority.

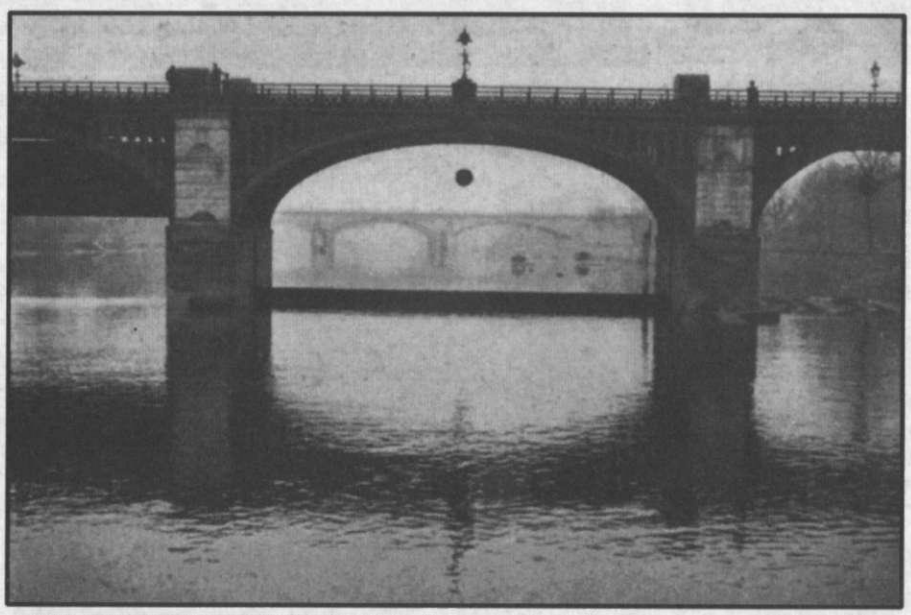
In the early hours of February 19, 1944, a lone enemy bomber made a carefully planned attack on Richmond lock and weir. Three bombs were dropped, one making a direct hit on the lock, destroying the lock gates at the up-river end and causing some blast damage to the weir.

The second bomb penetrated the tow-path within a few feet of the Surrey-side river bank, just missing the downstream lock gates. Fortunately, this bomb did not explode, but it necessitated the immediate evacuation of the lock keeper and his family from the adjoining lock residence. Traffic had to be diverted from the towpath and confined to the Middlesex side of the river for at least a month, whilst the bomb disposal people got to work and eventually succeeded in extracting this unexploded bomb. The third bomb fell harmlessly in the adjoining fields at the side of the lock premises.

THE lock was put out of action completely. From then onward river traffic to and from the upper reaches was rendered more difficult. At all times traffic throughout the tideway of the Thames is considerable and important. Why was Richmond lock and weir a special target for the Luftwaffe? The answer is concerned with that commodity vital throughout the war—oil.

Normally, London's enormous petrol requirements are drawn from the great importing and storage installations at Thames Haven, Shell Haven, and elsewhere in the lower reaches, and distributed by tank barges to depots on the riverside. These installations being within very short flying time from the Continent became extremely vulnerable when war broke out, and an alternative means of supplying London had to be found.

This had been foreseen by the authorities, and a pipe-line had been laid from a point in the Severn Estuary to Walton-on-Thames. The oil pumped through this pipe-line was received into tank barges which were brought



RICHMOND LOCK AND WEIR before being bombed by the Luftwaffe on February 19, 1944. This partially successful attack (see story in this page) was aimed at disrupting London's petrol supplies which in wartime came by pipe-line from the Severn Estuary to Walton-on-Thames and thence by special tank barges. *By courtesy of the Port of London Authority*

to the Thames, most of the craft usually employed being too big for the narrower and shallower upper reaches. Thus London's flow of oil was completely reversed—instead of from east to west it was west to east. The German intention was to disrupt this channel of supply, and the attack on the lock and weir at Richmond did slow down the flow of oil to some extent.

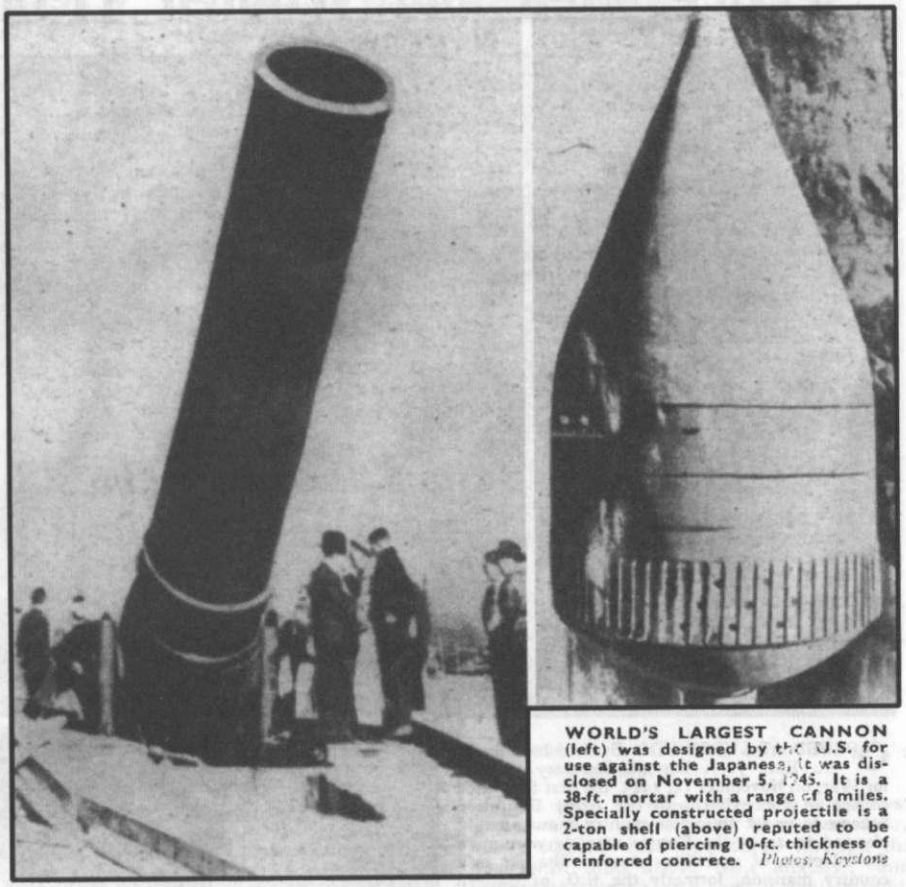
Priority permission was obtained to reconstruct Richmond lock, and work was commenced in June 1944. It has been pressed forward with all speed, and it is expected the lock will be in commission again by the end of 1945. Apart from local residents, few of London's millions even heard of the attack upon this vital river target, and perhaps none fully comprehended its significance.

Passed From High to Low Level

The locks and weirs on the Thames were built primarily to hold up the water in the upper reaches on a falling tide, to permit navigation over a longer period. This condition is secured at Richmond by means of three "undershot" weir gates and a lock. The former are movable, i.e. can be raised or lowered. On an ebb tide, when the water has fallen to roughly half tide level, the weir sluices are lowered, thus holding up the water above the weirs, the level of water being controlled by allowing surplus land water to flow beneath the weir gates by raising them. To enable navigation to be continued up and down river when the sluices are down, vessels are passed from the higher or maintained water level to the lower or tidal water and vice versa by means of the lock.

THE weir structure is built in the form of a twin footbridge, the footways being 6 ft. wide and 16 ft. apart, the central space between being occupied by the weir gates and operating machinery. There are five spans, the three centre ones 66 ft. wide in the clear, with two 50-ft. spans over a slipway for small boats and lock respectively. Each weir gate weighs 32 tons, and is suspended by flexible steel wires passing round trunnions fixed at the neutral axis of the gate, the free ends of the wires passing over wheels with their ends connected to cast-iron weights of 8 tons each—two at each end of each weir gate. The balance weights rise and fall in watertight wells, to keep their weight constant whatever the level of the water in the river. The lock is 250 ft. long and 37 ft. wide for two-thirds of its length, narrowing to 26 ft. wide at the lock gates.

Lieut. M. H. SHEAN, D.S.O., R.A.N.V.R., Commander of the Midget submarine XE4, took part in the Far Eastern exploit described here. *Photo, British Official*



WORLD'S LARGEST CANNON (left) was designed by the U.S. for use against the Japanese; it was disclosed on November 5, 1945. It is a 38-ft. mortar with a range of 8 miles. Specially constructed projectile is a 2-ton shell (above) reputed to be capable of piercing 10-ft. thickness of reinforced concrete. *Photos, Keystone*

NAVAL DIVERS CUT JAP TELEPHONE CABLES

WORKING with oxygen apparatus in depths which had shortly before caused the deaths of two other divers, two British naval divers cut the Saigon-Singapore and the Saigon-Hongkong undersea telephone cables in one of the last midget submarine operations of the war. They were Sub-Lieut. K. M. Briggs, R.A.N.V.R., and Sub-Lieut. A. K. Bergius, R.N.V.R., who were carried in the midget submarine XE4, commanded by Lieut. M. H. Shean, D.S.O., R.A.N.V.R.

The craft was towed into the Japanese-controlled Saigon River area by the submarine Spearhead. She slipped her tow at 9.20 p.m. on July 30 and was away from the parent ship until the early hours of August 1. Towing a grapnel and chain weighing about 80 lb. along the bottom, she made a number of runs before she was brought up suddenly as the grapnel caught the Singapore cable. Briggs returned inboard with the short length of the cable as evidence of a job well done.

About an hour later Lieut. Shean found the Hongkong cable. Bergius had to go out twice to complete the cutting operation, because of mechanical trouble with his cutter. He brought back a foot of cable core. The divers were specially commended for working in much deeper, and therefore more dangerous, water than anticipated.

Lieut. Shean, 27, was awarded the D.S.O. in April 1944 for "outstanding skill, courage and determination in a most hazardous enterprise in one of H.M. midget submarines." Sub-Lieut. Briggs, 22, of New South Wales, joined the Navy as an Ordinary Seaman in May 1941. Sub-Lieut. Bergius, 20, of Argyllshire, also served as a rating.

COMBINED OPS HAD 6-LB. MACHINE-CARBINE

EVERY Saturday morning, between early March and early June, in 1944, a small Army van, almost unnoticed, visited the Dagenham factory of the Sterling Engineering Company. The van (said an Evening Standard reporter in September 1945) was on a Combined Operations assignment, to pick up the week's production of the new Patchett machine-carbine automatic rifle.

The Patchett machine-carbine was invented in 1942 by George Patchett, an English engineer and armament inventor who had worked in a Belgian armament factory and in one of the Skoda factories in Pilsen.

The complete gun weighed 6 lb. Its stock was a metal frame which folded back against the barrel, and in addition to a button-controlled bayonet it had a safety device, a little switch on the hand rest which could be set for single shot, automatic or no shot action, all by simple thumb movements. But the Army had the Sten gun in mass production then.

Early last year a senior Combined Operations officer heard of the Patchett machine-carbine. He investigated it. Although the Imperial General Staff had not given the gun its "O.K." Combined Operations ordered the Sterling Company to get into production. That service would take all it could get.

Production was slow. It was a difficult period to obtain tools and labour. But the Sterling men managed to make about 150 of the guns in all. Every week until after D-Day the little Combined Operations van called at the Dagenham factory to pick up the four or five guns manfactured there that week.

On September 21, 1945, I was able to get the story of the Patchett machine-carbine, only because a War Office spokesman said the invention was not now on the "secret list." But Mr. Patchett's communications with the War Office show it has been. The gun fires 600 rounds of 9-mm. ammunition. It is effective up to 600 yards.

Service Men and Women Train for Civil Life

OPENED AT LUTON HOO, Bedfordshire, by the Rt. Hon. J. J. Lawson, Secretary of State for War, on November 19, 1945, the first formation college in connexion with the Army Education Scheme to be set up in this country is one of eight planned to assist the Service man or woman in the adoption of a civilian career. The site is a country mansion, formerly the H.Q. of Eastern Command. Other colleges will be attached to Scottish, Southern, Northern and Western Commands; and, overseas, will serve the B.A.O.R., C.M.F. and M.E.F. For 300 vacancies for the first 4-weeks' session at Luton Hoo over 1,300 applications were made.

An officer, a house-decorator in peacetime, instructs a class in a special type of plaster ornamentation (1) executed with a cake-icer. Women students (2) learn the knack of pastry-making. R.E.M.E. lance-corporal (3) proved apt at sign-writing. Among the 50 subjects taught in this Army "university" is motor-repairing (4).

Photos, L.N.A., Associated Press

I Was There!

Eye Witness Stories of the War and After

Palestine Police are the Bravest Men I Know

How unenviable is the task of British police and troops in keeping order, in most difficult and dangerous conditions in turbulent Palestine, is made clear by Henry Longhurst in this story (here slightly abridged) from The London Evening News dated Nov. 27, 1945. See also pages 515, 517.

LAST week I was in Palestine, the holy land which is at the moment so particularly unholy. There are two bodies of men in Palestine today to whose efforts the most inadequate justice is being done—the Palestine Police (who are British) and the British soldiers.

I do not believe that any country in the world except Britain, with its centuries-old tradition of tolerance, could have produced these men. If ever anyone had excuse for Hitler's " My patience is exhausted," it must be our men in Palestine. It may be said that any man who joins the Palestine Police knows what he is going to be let in for sooner or later. That is true, but it does not affect the merit of their present performance.

I would not have their job for quadruple their pay. They live in an atmosphere of propaganda, lies, intrigue, assault and sudden death. They are armed—but so hamstrung by restrictions issued from London that there is hardly any occasion on which they are permitted to use their arms. And when things go wrong they can generally reckon to get the blame.

I was not in Tel-Aviv for the principal riot, when the Jews burnt down most of the British buildings, hurled bricks and home-made grenades, and set light to a lorry in the main street ; but I was there early next morning. The rubble on the pavements and the gutted buildings, so reminiscent of the " morning after " in blitz days, made the scene easy enough to reconstruct.

EVERY man in our police and military forces was armed, some with pistols or rifles, or with automatic weapons. The average sub-machine-gun fires at the rate of, say, 400 rounds per minute ; in other words, press the trigger for one second and you will fire seven rounds.

In one night in Tel-Aviv our police and Army patrols, assaulted with bricks collected beforehand and flung savagely from the security of first-floor windows, and attacked by mobs numbering several hundreds, fired how many shots—bearing in mind that one man's finger on the trigger for one second meant seven ? Between the whole lot of them they fired exactly 16 rounds !

And even then the Jewish authorities, while commending their forbearance, blamed them for not preventing the rioting before it got out of hand. One can name a good many countries whose police and soldiers would have fired not 16 rounds but 16,000. Neither the police nor the soldiers have any great inducement to be good-tempered in Palestine. Police officers and men have been ambushed, shot in the back on their way to the office, blown up by bombs secreted under the doormat of their own homes.

ONE of the bravest men I know is a Palestine Police officer, who has been No. 1 on the Jewish terrorists' list. They warned him that he will not leave the country alive. Every time he enters or leaves a building, particularly at night, he knows that this may be the moment they have chosen.

As for the soldiers, risking your life for your own country is a far different thing from risking it to preserve order among a minority in another man's. Some of the troops in Palestine today are new and raw, but the men of the Sixth Airborne Division are far from raw. About a third of them are veterans of Arnhem, and all have received the toughest form of war training, which tends to make a man shoot first and ask questions afterwards.

Furthermore, they are living in conditions of discomfort that can rarely have been exceeded in peacetime. They are all under canvas. With the sun shining mellowly as in an English August, Palestine can be most attractive and life in a tent not too unpleasant. But last week the weather broke, and now it will be raining for three weeks. One unit I visited a few days ago had spent a fortnight on nothing but drain-digging.

MORTAR-SHELL, of a type employed by terrorists, found in the Jerusalem area during November 1945, is being examined by members of the Palestine Police. *Photo, Associated Press*

After one day's rain their camp was in the nature of a shambles.

Tents were blown down ; the cookhouse was awash ; the officers' mess was more like a stable ; men floundered through the lines with mud above their anklets ; and wellingtons were worth their weight in gold. All after one day's rain.

Despite all this, the Palestine Police, immaculately turned out in khaki battle-dress and black cap, retain the impassive patience we associate with constables patrolling our own peaceful streets ; and the soldiers, ignorant for the most part of the background behind the eternal " Palestine problem " and looking forward only to their release, know that they have a job to do, and get on with the business of doing it. A visit to Palestine may make you pro-Arab or it may make you pro-Jew. The one thing it must assuredly make you is pro-British.

POLICE DOG IN JERUSALEM, one of 25 used on frontier patrol, learns to pick up a scent from a belt worn by his trainer at the Palestine Police Training School. *Photo, Associated Press*

I Watched at the Palace of Justice at Nuremberg

In this dispatch, slightly abridged, from the scene of the trial of 20 major Nazi war criminals, James A. Jones, of The London Evening News, presents the unforgettable background as it appeared to him on the second day. There the accused sat—to answer for murders innumerable and tortures unspeakable and treacheries beyond words. See also illus. page 513.

IT still amazes me. I still blink at what seems to London eyes to be the topsy-turvey order of things. In our courts at home the magistrate comes on to the Bench first and the prisoner is then led into his presence. Here at the Palace of Justice, after showing a pass to armed guards at every corner of unchartable corridors and being " frisked " at the doorway of the court-room, I walk in and see the twenty men waiting in the dock for something to happen. The Bench is untenanted.

Early comers in the stalls and gallery are adjusting earphones on their heads. But there in the dock are the twenty waiting for us like a sort of reception committee. They have the air of having been waiting for us for a long time. Today I had the feeling that Goering, who is obviously playing to the gallery as a stout good fellow, would have been glad to shake hands with us if the guards had permitted. He turns affably to his fellows on the two rows of wooden seats and talks over good old times. At least, I assume he does. I don't know. Only the Nazis who are within earshot of him know.

And it may disconcert him inwardly though it does not alter his pink, good-natured, healthy face, that Ribbentrop treats him with faint grey politeness ; Keitel stares at him in a cold harsh military way, and Hess hardly seems to know he's there. But he's not rebuffed. He is photogenic in an ample light grey uniform and he knows it. He is aware of his appearance. His bluff good humour is well set off by the cadaverous figure of Hess beside him—with eyes sunken into sockets and claw-like hands clutching a book.

Hess to Goering is like a skeleton to Falstaff. Goering throws a kindly word to him and then looks casually round for our admiration. He does not get it. We are beginning to take him and the rest of the gang for granted. Then the Judges enter and he seems to feel the competition in interest. He shrinks to less than his 16 stone. But he never stops trying. He has scores of artful gestures. He tries anything to catch our eyes and win our sympathies. He leans wearily

AMAZING RAMIFICATIONS OF THE NAZI PARTY were explained step by step on November 22, 1945, at the Nuremberg trial of major war criminals, by the U.S. prosecution with the aid of a large chart displayed at the end of the Court Room and at which the German defendants gazed with intent interest. Its purpose was to prove the responsibility of the Leadership Corps of the Party, one of the Nazi organizations charged in the lengthy indictment. Goering, Hess and Ribbentrop are in the dock on the extreme left, behind the defending counsel. *Photo, Keystone*

forward on the front of the dock and puts his head on his arms like a nice, pink, fat boy.

He wriggles on his seat to show how hard it is. He yawns occasionally, as though calling on us to realize how dull it is for a kind-hearted man to listen to tiresome tales of massacres in places with unpronounceable names In short, he seems to be saying it is very boring to be cooped up like this with a set of stiff-necked men like Keitel and Jodl and Schacht and the rest of them, and couldn't we kindly do something about it. He is not the only claimant for attention, however. He has rivals who, though not immediately as dramatic, do their best.

Hans Frank, round-faced little S.S. general, listens through earphones in pained attention, and his lips move in unheard protests. Schacht, the banker, plays the part of an honest, grey-haired financier who simply cannot believe all this is really anything to do with him. He puffs his lips as though wishing the Tribunal would come to something more businesslike. He strokes his crisp, grey moustache wearily. He studies the interpreters who are stationed in the glass case next to him. He does everything short of consulting his wrist watch.

This Recital of the Unbelievable

But I was talking about things that amazed me. In London we make quite a fuss about one murder. Here speeches tell of millions of murders and the words "killed" and "torture" run like a scarlet thread through hours of speeches. One man murdered horrifies us at home. Here I see the counsel for the defence stifling yawns. In London we sit on hard wooden seats and listen intently. Here we listen intently but sit in seats so soft and comfortable it is like hearing a running commentary to some abnormally long news reel.

We write with neat little boards on our knees—boards specially provided for us—and what we write is taken by stalwart Scots Guardsmen to wireless transmission which is our one means of reaching the outside world from this dreary city where dead still lie beneath tumbled buildings. It is almost hopeless to try to describe this nightmare trial, this recital of the unbelievable, in unbelievable surroundings.

Outside the Palace of Justice a small German child sidles up to a sentry and the sentry swings his white truncheon playfully towards it. Inside the palace is a queue of uniformed girls waiting to buy handbags made from German officers' gorgeous uniforms. Inside the court-room the statistics of deaths, disfigurements and enslavements are as cold as the unimpassioned figures in a chartered accountant's ledger.

When a real live witness walks to the microphone and talks of murders long ago, these proceedings will leap suddenly into lurid light. But meanwhile, Goering picks up his earphones and listens casually for a moment, puts them down again and shifts with elaborate discomfort on the form. Meanwhile, you can switch a dial on your own earphone and hear statistics in English or French or Russian or German. They are too gigantic in any language to bring home the truth.

But at the moment Schacht frowns wearily, Rosenberg rubs his nose in a nervous manner, Doenitz remains palely impassive, Hess keeps up an attitude of a spectre at a feast, and Goering is plumply, boyishly determined to convince us it is all a natural but rather absurd mistake to make so much of these trifles.

Training with the B.A.O.R. at a Luxury Camp

As long as the British Army of the Rhine remains in Germany its military efficiency will be kept at the peak by the huge self-contained training centre set up at Bad Lippspringe, near Paderborn, whence this description comes from Edmund Townshend, The Daily Telegraph Special Correspondent.

THE Germans used this great training camp, covering 66 square miles, for toughening up their spearhead troops. Two and a half divisions of S.S. troops at a time were drawn from the fighting fronts for specialized training in the classroom and on the many firing ranges.

Now British troops are living in the splendid barracks and applying their own modifications and improvements to the accommodation and training installations. The officers in charge are determined to make the B.A.O.R. training centre here the finest establishment of its kind in the world. It will be the most luxurious training centre many soldiers have ever seen. Special effort is being made to raise the standard of amenities to the highest level.

Already the centre is more like a military college than a barracks. Elegant furnishings have been turned out by local factories. Rooms have been cleaned and redecorated. Bowls of flowers stand among the immaculate cutlery on white tablecloths in the dining-rooms. German servants wait at table.

The centre has sports grounds, welfare institutions and an E.N.S.A. hostel, and its own airstrip. A museum is being built up representing every type of German weapon, tank and vehicle. Throughout the centre the aim is to get away from the discomfort and boredom which have so often handicapped the work of training establishments, and to stimulate the keenest efficiency.

Men who pass through the centre are nearly all instructors, who return to units of the B.A.O.R. or of Allied armies. Courses for Allied troops are being given high priority, and military missions from Belgium, Denmark, France, Holland, Czechoslovakia and Poland come to watch the work.

The object of the nine schools of the training centre is to give short, intensive courses in a wide variety of subjects to meet the demands of our military commitments. Many technical courses are designed to replace specialists as they are lost to the Army by demobilization.

The high proportion of early discharges in technical units such as the R.A.S.C. and R.E.M.E. means a heavy demand for replacements who need more advanced training than they can get in their own units. In the last few months 3,000 pupils have passed through. By next spring the centre will be instructing more than 7,000 men at a time, passing them out at the rate of 1,300 every ten days.

British administrative staff has been reduced to the minimum by carefully planned centralization, and Germans or Poles are used as batmen, waiters, cleaners and fatigue men.

The ratio of students to British staff is four to one, showing a staff saving on the normal training centre ratio of 1·1 to one.

The nine schools give courses in infantry soldiering, offensive air support, administration, military intelligence, technical work, physical training and recreation, and the work of the Pioneer Corps, Military Police and R.A.S.C. units.

A target factory used by the German army has been taken over, together with its 100 German civilian employees, who are kept at work turning out the same products and maintaining the ranges. Khaki-painted wooden figures used as targets by the enemy are being repainted German field-grey for practice by our men. A miniature mobile tank firing harmless wooden bullets to simulate hostile fire is now also a target for our marksmen. Germans under British supervision work in the camouflage workshops on research and development, producing new designs for models and targets to be made in the target factory.

I saw an ingenious new type of miniature landscape range, with moving figures and tanks, which is used for teaching fire control and quick identification of targets. A war dogs' school, newly opened in December, will train 100 handlers and dogs a month, to save man-power in British troops guarding dumps.

Lessons learned in the war will be closely applied at the school of instruction in offensive air support. Two types of course will be run for air liaison officers. One will teach staff officers and picked commanding officers the principles and organization of air support. The other will teach regimental officers its practical application in the field.

BOXING AT A B.A.O.R. TRAINING CAMP near Neuhaus, as taught and demonstrated by amateur pugilist C.S.M.-Instructor E. D. Shakleton (right). *Photo, British Official*

Even the High-Ups in Japan Must Scrounge to Eat

Japan has "gone on the black" on a grand scale. The necessity for Black Marketing has been admitted by the managements of big departmental stores in Tokyo and other major cities; and Lachie McDonald, writing from the mountain resort of Karuizawa on November 26, 1945, has told this behind-the-scenes story in The Daily Mail.

A smart dog-cart labelled "Imperial Household" has just been bowed into the grounds of the rambling country house which Emperor Hirohito's mother, the Empress-Dowager Sadako, occupies in this mountain resort about 90 miles north-west of Tokyo. The dog-cart, behind a fast-stepping horse, contains a clue to the real importance of the extraordinary session of the Japanese Diet opening formally in Tokyo today.

The dog-cart was full of food—farm produce. Sadako's dog-cart, with its top-hatted driver and groom, makes a daily sortie into the countryside for vegetables, eggs, meat, and any other food they can wheedle the farmers into selling. The ordinary Japanese must do their own scrounging. You see them on railways stations and along country roads, with great rucksacks on their backs. Rationing throughout Japan is so muddled and distribution so erratic that people claim they cannot live adequately if they depend on official food allowances.

Casual Food Sales to be Outlawed

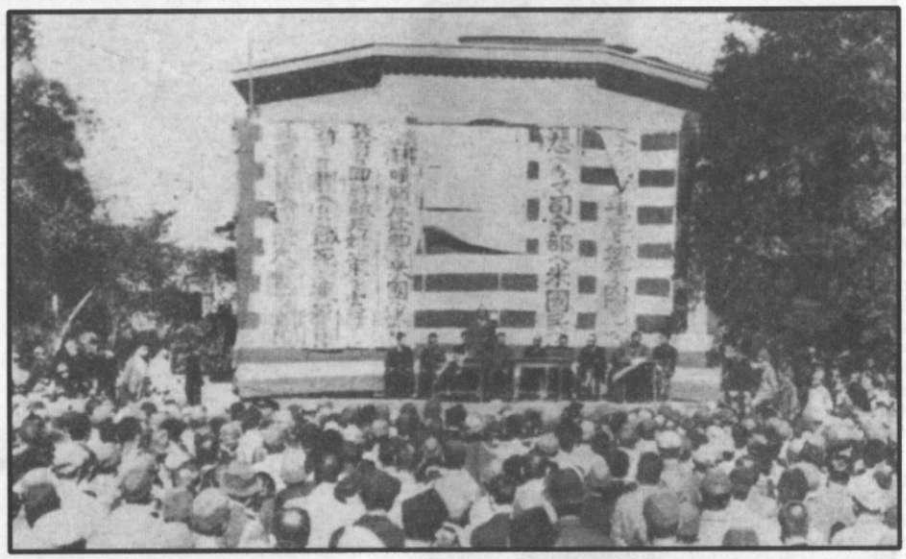
The necessity for Black Marketing has even been admitted by big department stores in Tokyo, Osaka, and other major Japanese cities. The managers appointed their own Black Marketeers when they found their workpeople were losing an average of two working days a week while they hunted for extra food for their families. It was cheaper for the managements to "go on the black," as the Japanese say, in a big way.

The Shidehara Government's main contribution so far to the undercurrent of discontent over food has been a hint that, unless farmers sell their produce at official rates, which are far below the prices obtainable on their doorsteps, then the Government will outlaw casual food sales to eager callers from the cities. The ordinary Japanese is hoping this 18-day session of Japan's House of Commons will give them a true picture of the conditions which are to be expected in Japan this winter.

Colonel Ray Kramer, chief of MacArthur's economic section, blames poor distribution for the present food shortages, and says the Japanese today are far better off than millions of Europeans. Kramer said, "Some wheat from surplus Army stocks in the Philippines and some salt from Korea have been allowed into Japan since the Allied occupation. Undoubtedly some other foodstuffs will be imported, but just how much food and where it will come from must be decided in Washington by Allied authorities who are familiar with the food situation throughout the world."

Immediate Allied interest in the forthcoming Diet centres on official reaction to new directives revealing MacArthur's plan for stripping war profiteers of their wealth, and his determination to kill what Kramer described as the "insidious and vicious" system of military pensions. About 12,000,000 Japanese will have lost their pensions by February 1. About 15 per cent of the coming year's Government revenue would have been swallowed up by pensions. Many Japanese soldiers served as little as three and four years to earn pensions for life.

The Allies favour a scheme providing relief for all widows, orphans, the aged, and needy rather than merely for families of men favoured by the military clique. The Allied attack on war profiteers aims to smash the power of the Zaibatsu—the wealthy families and combines which geared Japan for war. Like the pensions cut, it will help to curb inflation. Colonel Kramer considers that the banning of Government subsidies is the most important step yet taken in reshaping the Japanese way of life.



FOOD SHORTAGE IN TOKYO was the subject of this open-air demonstration in the capital's Hibiya Park, near the Imperial Palace, on November 1, 1945. British officials in Tokyo announced on November 13 that first troops of the 40,000 Empire forces to help police Japan will arrive on January 1, 1946, and may stay till 1971. *Photo, Keystone*

★=*As The Years Went By—Notable Days in the War*=★

1939

December 13. *Battle of River Plate between Graf Spee and the Exeter, Ajax and Achilles.*

1940

December 9. *Wavell opened victorious offensive against the Italians in the Western Desert.*

1941

December 8. *Japanese landed in N. Malaya. Tobruk relieved after 8-months' siege.*
December 9. *Japanese landed on Luzon.*
December 10. *Prince of Wales and Repulse sunk by Japanese aircraft off Malaya.*
December 11. *Governments of Germany and Italy declared war on the United States.*
December 19. *Hitler took over personal command of army from Von Brauchitsch.*

1942

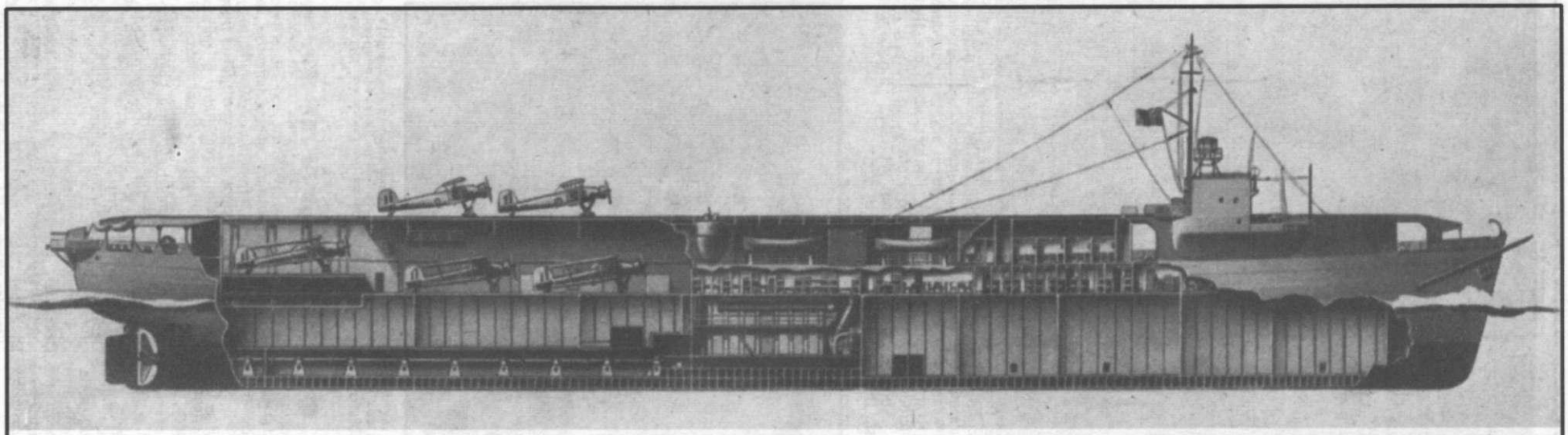
December 16. *Russians opened offensive in Middle Don area on front of over 60 miles.*
December 13. *Retreat of Rommel's forces from El Agheila position began.*

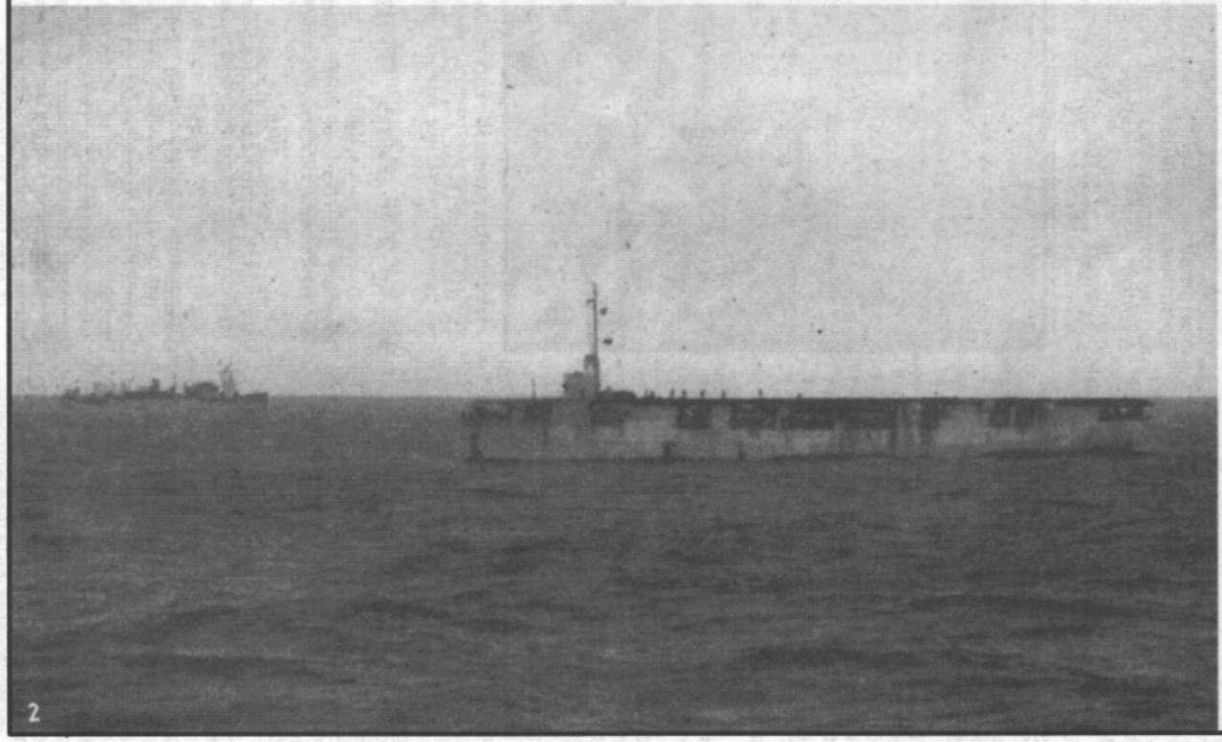
1943

December 12. *Rommel appointed Commander-in-Chief of the "European fortress."*
December 15. *United States troops landed at Cape Markus, on New Britain.*
December 21. *8th Army entered Ortona, Italy.*

1944

December 10. *Fighting in Athens between British troops and Greek partisans (E.L.A.S.).*
December 16. *Rundstedt launched strong counter-attack on U.S. front in the Ardennes.*





MERCHANT AIRCRAFT, CARRIERS are described in the facing page by our Air Correspondent. Longitudinal-section of a 7,930-tons Mac-ship (for short) shows (1) the hangar, fuel-tanks, deck-accommodation, etc. Up to six aircraft can be stowed in the hangar; four on the grain ships. The Empire Macrae is seen (2) returning to Liverpool after a successful convoy trip. Take-off of Swordfish from Mac-ships had to be rocket boosted in similar fashion to this Seafire of the Naval Air Arm (3). Ratings attach the rockets, filled with cordite, in readiness for the take-off (4). See also illus. pages 476, 615, 732, Vol. 8. *Photos, British Official*

Britain's Biggest Air Squadron

By CAPTAIN
NORMAN MACMILLAN
M.C., A.F.C.

"CAN you climb a rope ladder?" asked Lieut.-Commander Brooker, R.N.V.R., staff officer dealing with MAC-ships as the motor-boat manœuvred alongside the motor-vessel Empire Macrae.

"Yes," I replied, "although I have not done so for years." One after another our little party seized the ropes as the whale-boat lifted on the gentle waves of the Firth of Clyde, and climbed up the wooden slats that hung vertically on their ropes over the side of the ship.

M.V. Empire Macrae was a Merchant Aircraft Carrier, MAC-ship for short, one of the six grain-carrying vessels that were specially laid down to become Britain's convoy escorts. Their armament was originally two Bofors guns, four Oerlikons, and one 4-in. quick-firing gun. And their real job was to carry aircraft so that the convoys would never be without protection from above against the U-boat that stalked them on their ocean crossings. (See illustration page 615, Vol. 8).

THERE have been reports that the duty of these aircraft was to seal the gap that existed in mid-ocean, within the area that could not be covered by land-based aircraft until the Azores base enabled this to be done. But, in fact, MAC-ship aircraft flew not only in the gap but all the way along the ocean route from Halifax to Liverpool or the Clyde, and during one serious U-boat threat they flew right through the Irish Sea up to the Liverpool Bar Light. The convoys averaged from 7½ to 9½ knots, and the journey took anything from 10 to 23 days.

No. 836 Squadron of the Fleet Air Arm supplied the aircraft and aircrews to all the Merchant Aircraft Carriers, both grain ships and tankers. This was the biggest squadron in the Fleet Air Arm and, indeed, in the British air services. It had 60 aircraft and was entitled to 80 aircrews. The British base was May Down air station, near Londonderry, whence the aircraft flew to and from their ships before and after they berthed.

FLIGHT Deck as Lid Above Holds Carrying 7,500 Tons of Grain

The aircraft were Fairey Swordfish, equipped with Asvic radar (see page 444) and carrying various combinations of depth charges and rocket projectiles, according to the conditions. The grain ships carried four aircraft and had a hangar aft with a lift to the flight deck. The tanker ships had no hangar and carried three aircraft, lashed to the deck and protected by manually fitted wind brakes when not in operation. The Merchant Carrier complement was about 110, including approximately 30 Fleet Air Arm officers and ratings for specified duties.

Now come on board the Empire Macrae with me. She was a Diesel-engined ship, with the normal speed of the average merchant vessel of her size, and flew the Red Ensign of the Merchant Navy at her mast. In her holds she could carry about 7,500 tons of grain which could be loaded and unloaded only by pneumatic elevator machinery, owing to the lid which the permanent flight deck closed over her holds. Her flight deck carried 4 arrester wires, and was 24 ft. above the water.

Her ship's crew were Merchant Navymen, her aircrews were R.N. Volunteer Reservists, and these made a happy combination. The MAC-ship pilots I met were among the cheeriest and happiest men I encountered throughout the whole war—a confraternity bound together in a common cause by a tie more silken and yet more binding than that formed of the strictest discipline.

Captain Collings was on the bridge with Lieut.-Commander J. P. Foster, the Air Staff Officer, and we went up to be introduced. It was the strangest bridge I have ever stepped on. For two persons to pass comfortably it was necessary to turn sideways; it was so narrow as to remind me of a slit trench. Timber and glass wind-shields protected one from the wind and rain. Above us rose the mast with its radio and radar antennae. Some Swordfish were exercising with rocket assisters, and a M.L. escorted us as a destroyer escorts the bigger naval cruisers.

BELCHING Twin Spumes of Flame in Most Fantastic Upward Leap

"Cover your ears," someone said, as the ship straightened into the wind. I noticed how gentle the air speed was compared with the half-gale that blows over the big Fleet carriers when their aircraft are flying off. The first Swordfish opened up at the take-off signal. A green flag was displayed from the bridge by the air-staff officer as a signal to the deck flying control officer (the batsman) to give the pilot the all clear. A negative signal was given by a red flag waved by hand. And there was also radio telephone communication between the bridge and the aircraft's pilot, both when the aircraft was on the flight deck and in the air.

The Swordfish accelerated, apparently too slowly to take off in the 410-ft. length of the flight deck, until it reached the flag on the port side of the flight deck, opposite the island bridge. That was the signal for the pilot to switch on his rockets. There was a terrific bang and a rushing roar like that of a gale lashing a forest. Flame and sparks swept from under each wing of the Swordfish, spurting downwards and rearwards towards the steel deck. And in an instant the aircraft was climbing steeply, so that it crossed the bow of the ship about level with the bridge.

It was a fantastic sight and sound while it lasted, this upward leap into the air of an aircraft belching two spumes of flame. Then, after four seconds, the rockets expended, a silence descended upon the scene until one's eardrums became accustomed to their altered tension, and for that fraction of time an apparently silent Swordfish continued to climb at a more leisurely angle up and away, her turning airscrew belying the illusion that her engine had died. Thus the aircrews took off in mid-ocean with their depth-charges, from a pocket-handkerchief flight-deck on a slow-moving ship, and countered the machinations of Admirals Raeder and Doenitz against the safety of the British Realm.

WHILE the flying continued some mugs of steaming hot tea were brought to the bridge; and very welcome they were, for the air was cold. Then, when flying ceased, we looked over the ship. We left the bridge with its gyro compass, telephone and earphones, and helmsman, and went below to the engine-room which, like all Diesel engine-rooms, was very hot. The big six-cylinder engine plugged steadily, sending a tremor throughout the ship.

In the hangar there was just room to stow the four Swordfish with their wings folded, and to carry a few spares. Each aircraft had to be struck down into the hangar when it landed on, because there was no wind brake or crash barrier on the flight deck. At one time these carriers had a complete aircraft engine as a spare, but this practice was discontinued, and servicing on board was confined to changing of main planes, replacement of an undercarriage, or the substitution of another cylinder on the 9-cylinder Bristol Pegasus aircooled radial engine. The R.N. and M.N. officers messed together in a comfortable dining-saloon and smoke-room, similar to those one might find in any merchant ship carrying about a dozen passengers. But the R.N. and M.N. crews messed separately because Union rules on hours of work made combined messing difficult. The ratings' quarters were fitted with bunks, and their mess had cushion-covered benches and wooden tables.

There were two chart-rooms, one for the ship and another for the aircraft. The M.N. radio control officer had to commuter all the time the bridge was in radio telephone communication with aircraft. A Merchant Service safety-watch was kept day and night on the radio safety wavelength. There was Very High Frequency (V.H.F.) radio direction finding for aircraft navigational assistance, and the ship carried radar.

The sick bay had three beds and a simple operating theatre combined in one room. The operating table was not fixed, for if it had been screwed to the floor it would have been necessary to remove one bed to get around it. As he showed us his pharmacy—a wall-cupboard stocked with "poisons"—the doctor mournfully said he never had anything to do. But there were some busy times. During the war three appendixes were removed at sea, and on more than one occasion a doctor was flown from one merchant carrier to another to provide two doctors at an operation.

INTIMATE With the Spirit of the Men Who Beat the Nazi U-Boats

All together there were 19 MAC-ships. The ten specially-built ships carried the prefix "Empire" before the name. The converted ships bore only a single name. The first MAC-ship went into operation in June 1943. This was a grain ship. Grain was loaded through hatches in the hangar deck. The ships sailed west in water ballast. The first aircraft to arrive on a MAC-ship had the words Royal Navy painted out and Merchant Navy painted in. This was soon discontinued, for what was the difference between the guns and naval gunners on a defensively equipped merchant ship and aircraft and aircrews on a MAC-ship? Their purpose was the same. Two MAC-ships normally escorted a convoy; but sometimes there was only one, occasionally three, and once four.

The oil tanker MAC-ships had longer flight decks, measuring 480 ft. overall. Two of them belonged to the Dutch section of the Anglo-Saxon Oil Company, a branch of Shell; these ships carried Dutch naval air personnel of the Royal Netherlands Navy. In September 1944, four of the 13 tanker MAC-ships were taken off operational work to ferry aircraft from the United States to Britain for the U.S. air forces.

Four of these tanker MAC-ships were specially laid down for the job, but the others were converted from existing ships. Not all the ships were identical to look at. In some the bridge was farther forward or farther aft, but the general principles of their construction were common to all.

While we waited for the M.L. to come alongside to take us ashore we went below to the captain's cabin. It was the comfortable, homely cabin of a typical Merchant Navy cargo vessel; and from what Captain Collings said there, we knew that he loved his ship and liked his work, and we came to know more intimately the spirit of the men who beat the German U-boats. Next day he was sailing his ship west again with another convoy for another ship-load of grain.

The Editor Looks Back

WAR HELPS MEDIOCRITY

Sept. 23, 1939

One of the minor evils of war is that it provides the lesser gifted members of the community with the chance of jumping into positions of official importance. In the social confusion that ensues the less successful in the professions somehow contrive to push themselves into official jobs, and armed with a little brief authority, to lord it over their abler fellows who have " made good " in the honest competition of peaceful times. I saw a lot of that in 1914-18. I'm hoping to see less of it in 1939. A man I knew who had never been able to do more than scrabble along as a fairly good literary hack suddenly became a well-paid official of the Censorship in 1914 with a staff of eight " assistants." After 1918 he reverted to the harder task of earning his living and died not long ago a forgotten denizen of Grub Street.

VAIN hope ! The tremendous increases of ministries ; the anxiety of every man or woman who snatched a good job to fortify his or her importance by multiplying " assistants " soon became an acccpted routine ; thousands of employable typists were torn from their commercial posts to spend much of their official time making tea or filing innumerable and mainly useless forms that helped to intensify the paper famine. Even now they are being held at this " official work " to the detriment of serious industrial concerns. No, the Second Great War left the First far behind as a time for Bureaucracy to spread, to flourish and dig itself into the body politic of the nation. We taxpayers shall have to bear the burden for years more.

THE CENSORSHIP

Sept. 23, 1939

There must be hasty and regrettable decisions in hurriedly selecting " ministries " of this and that, which accounts for the " not-to-be-published " rubber stamps that disfigure interesting and quite innocuous photographs submitted to the Censorship and returned after two days of earnest consideration by persons whose real walk in life may have been far removed from their new duties. Which reminds me that another friend of my youth had a big job in the Censorship of 1914 for which he had qualified by years of writing football notes in a provincial sporting paper.

Yesterday, I had fifteen photographs of which, to my knowledge, six or seven appeared in widely circulated journals this week, returned by the Censor disfigured with the aforesaid rubber stamp—photographs that it would have cheered British readers to contemplate as reminders of the strength of their Navy, the Navy which is their own peculiar property, but which some automaton official acting on his printed " Secret " instructions had condemned. The futility of it ! The photos in question exist in thousands of copies in Germany and have long been in the hands of every Nazi spy in the British Isles, but they are not to be seen by my readers . . . A week later, on further consideration, they were released !

NOT until Mr. Brendan Bracken took command of the M.O.I. did a little common sense seep into it from the criticism with which it was daily drenched. And even he could not rid it entirely of the rule-of-thumb procedure which still contrived at times to make it do ridiculous things. A Censor's job is to censor, and if the juniors who were plentifully supplied with blue pencils didn't wear their points down for resharpening several times a day they felt they weren't earning their salaries. But, on the whole, the record of the British Censorship, as one looks back, will compare not unfavourably with that of the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A. The M.O.I. can still do useful work, but it probably employs half a dozen assistants to do what one would accomplish in a commercial office. And all business offices are still being starved for assistants.

THE BLACKOUT

Sept. 23, 1939

The Government did right, I think, in imposing the most complete restriction straight away—even the excessive blackout. For it is easier to relax than to increase. To have begun in a piecemeal way, adding new restrictive regulations every day or two, would have led to greater dissatisfaction and irritation. The joy of getting our gloom lightened by the wise modification of the blackout as regards motor traffic and the use of torches made a welcome change in the night life of London of which I have had evidence tonight—also the partial re-opening of theatres and cinemas in the West End and the suburbs.

LOOKING back after six years to those dread nights of the early blackout, now that the lights o' London shine again, is one of the things that make us thankful to have survived. And then along come the unsocial strikes of the dockers and the gas-workers to remind us how few of our fellow-men are needed to plunge the whole community into misery by refusing to do their jobs of manual labour in a public service because their employers do not immediately agree to their wage demands. All very confusing to the non-party citizen, who sees a Labour Government in power and the strike instrument being wielded so ruthlessly.

NO PROFITEERING?

Sept. 23, 1939

" No profiteering this time ! " is a brave, vain cry. In the Great War we saw certain classes, or rather numerous fellow-citizens—for all " classes " profiteered to the limit of possibility—growing rich from selling goods at unconscionable prices simply because of their rarity or the difficulty of transport. We shall see the same again . . . are seeing it now. But increase of prices is not only inevitable, it is reasonable. When supplies are unlimited any increase of price to the purchaser is stark profiteering, but where supplies are restricted and diminishing, some compensation to the seller for inability to restock seems only fair. After all, if diamonds were as common as coal they would not command fancy prices. But I do feel that our rulers are going after the profiteer today more vigorously than in 1914-18.

YES, and still prices have soared enormously. But the circumstances differ totally. There is no doubt that coupons and rationing have saved the country from inflation at least in its worst form. The idea of utility production was a good one and, having regard to all the difficulties, it has been wisely carried out. Of course, there has been some " profiteering," but not in the essentials of life ; we have all been brought to one level of resource in these, thanks to our ration books. Some writer started an article on a visit to Soviet Russia the other day by remarking that it was difficult to explain a " class-divided society like that of the Soviets to a classless country like Great Britain." Quaint ; but, in this matter of the essentials of life, true!

ILLUSORY SAFETY

Sept. 30, 1939

The air-raid shelters in the St. James's district are many and reassuring. A few yards from my flat is one for seven hundred persons in a magnificent seven-storey building which has just recently been completed and is still untenanted. Nothing but direct hit would disturb those sheltering in its concrete depths. On the other hand, the cellars of my own building were condemned months ago by the Westminster surveyor as unsuitable for shelter. Imagine my surprise this morning to find an official notice posted on the wall announcing that they are now available for eight persons ! Nothing whatever has been done to improve them as shelters, and if the large sewer or the water main—both close by—were to be cracked, the cellars would be flooded out before you'd have time to say " von Ribbentrop."

ACTUALLY bombs fell in very considerable numbers all round about that seven-storey building in St. James's Square and much damage was done, little of which has been repaired so far. I had to quit my flat when its ceilings came down and all its windows were blasted. A very costly shelter was constructed in the basement late in 1940 but was never used, I believe. I suppose it is beyond the power of human computation to estimate the millions that must have been spent on building shelters throughout the country that served no useful purpose beyond providing an illusory sense of safety in a time of fear.

Postscript

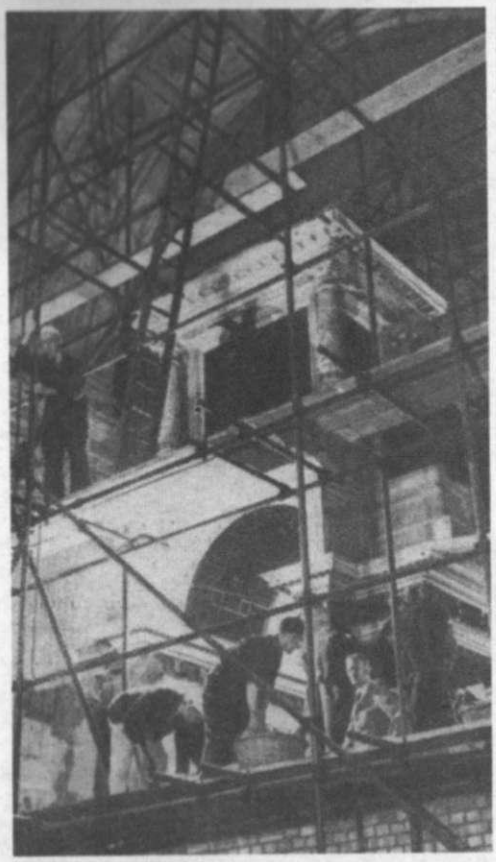
"OH, that England may learn hatred ! Hatred and fierceness and pitilessness—that we may all learn God-like hardship and simplicity and sternness with our children. At present they are taught to make money—not serve either their country or their God." That quotation, my young highbrow readers will be aghast to learn, comes not from Kipling but from the journal kept by Katherine Bradley and Edith Cooper, those two remarkable Victorian women aesthetes whose exquisite-frail lyrics appeared under the joint signature of "Michael Field." The date—significantly—is 1900.

I MUST confess to receiving quite a shock when I read in my evening paper the other night the headline : "Famous Figurehead to Leave Whitehall." But it wasn't as drastic as I'd expected. Instead of a clearance-out at the Treasury or the Duchy of Lancaster, it was merely (alas !) our old friend the massive wooden figurehead of H.M.S. Orion which has stood for many years at the entrance to the Royal United Services Museum and is now to be transported to Chatham for necessary repairs.

AT a court-martial in Germany a German witness found himself unable to identify the prisoner. For, said he, "to me all English soldiers look alike." I found this amusing until I recollected dining years ago with a Chinese diplomat who made precisely the same confession. Is it a case of the Inscrutable West ? "All coons look alike to me" was long ago a popular Yankee lyric.

THE Government's proposal to enforce the carrying of identity-cards till the end of 1947 has had an unfortunately bad "Press." I say "unfortunately" since it is no secret that for the past ten years England has been a haven of rest for quite a few international undesirables who have somehow managed to maintain their pose as harmless "refugees." Identity cards without photographs may be little better than Christmas-cards—but even that little counts.

In Britain Now: A.T.A. Flag Flies for Last Time



INSIDE ST. PAUL'S in November 1945 workmen were removing 14-in. anti-blast walls from famous monuments, including Stevens's memorial to Wellington (above). The cathedral was hit by two 500-pounders and 16 incendiaries; a one-ton bomb and a land-mine fell in the churchyard.

H.M.S. NELSON, 33,950-ton battleship (right), ended her distinguished war service when she docked at Portsmouth on November 16, 1945, after a 8,076-miles voyage from Singapore. Besides her complement of 1,361 officers and ratings, she brought home 600 Service "Repats."

AIR TRANSPORT AUXILIARY closed down officially on Nov. 30, 1945, when a W.A.A.F. officer (above) hauled down the A.T.A. flag at White Waltham airfield, Berks. Since Sept. 1939 the A.T.A. delivered over 300,000 aircraft from factory and maintenance depots to R.A.F. and Naval Air Arm stations.

TIN HATS—WHO'LL BUY? The Southern Railway in November 1945 were calling in A.R.P. equipment which had been distributed among their staff (right). At a goods yard in Battersea over 64,000 tin hats were piled, awaiting sale—but there were no bidders.

Photos, Fox, Sport & General, The Evening Standard, Topical Press

Red Army Victories Enshrined in Berlin

IN THE HEART OF GERMANY'S CAPITAL, in the famous Tiergarten this impressive memorial, surmounted by a Red Army man in bronze, commemorates Russia's victory over the Third Reich and the memory of Soviet forces who perished. British, U.S. and French troops took part in the unveiling ceremony by Marshal Zhukov on November 11, 1945, when the 2nd Battalion of the Devonshire Regiment mounted a guard of honour. The Russians worked hard, often by lamplight, to finish the memorial in time. *Photo, Associated Press*

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